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Graciously accepted a copy of

"UNCLE TOM'S" STORY OF HIS LIFE.

Preface by MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE, giving his Forty-two Years' Slave Life, and his Escape into Canada, carrying on his back Two of his Children 600 miles through the Woods ; Legree, who maimed Josiah Henson for life ; George Harris, his friend, who is still living ; Eliza, who crossed the Ice with her Child ; Eva, who was saved from Drowning by Josiah Henson, &c.

By JOHN LOBB, F.R.G.S.,

Managing Editor of the "Christian Age." With the account of their

VISIT TO THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

This popular work has been translated into the French, Italian, Dutch, Swedish, and Welsh languages. The English Edition, revised and enlarged, is now in its

EIGHTIETH THOUSAND.

"UNCLE TOM'S" NEW BOOK FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

By JOHN LOBB, F.R.G.S.,

Managing Editor of the "Christian Age." With

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY'S PREFACE,

"Uncle Tom's" Address to the Young People of Great Britain,

AND

Illustrations of "Uncle Tom's" Story of his Life.

With Group Portraits of Mr. Lobb and "Uncle Tom."

In Editions at 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. Order of any Bookseller.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, in the "Sword and Trowel," says—

"Mr. Lobb renders good service to his fellow-men by editing the *Christian Age*, which gives us light from beyond the seas in the form of sermons by American divines. He also performed a really philanthropic act when he became the pilot of Mr. Henson, alias Uncle Tom. For him he worked with indefatigable zeal, and when he shared with him the honour of a visit to royalty, it was only fitting that it should be so. Uncle Tom's Life has sold to the number of seventy-five thousand, and the Young People's Illustrated Edition will, no doubt, have a large circulation also. Mr. Henson's life has enough of lively interest in it to keep his memoir up to the mark in interest, and the author has worked these into a story which in tone and spirit are all that we could desire."

The "Glasgow Christian News" says—

"A most delightful volume to put into the hands of those for whom it is intended. It is beautifully got up, is full of illustrations, and is every way suited for the young. Uncle Tom writes an address to the young people of

Great Britain which is earnest and attractive. The narrative of the black brother's life is thrillingly interesting. It is stranger far than fiction, and is more instructive. No child of six, or boy of twelve or fourteen, could lay it down till the end is reached. Even those more advanced in life will become children in this matter, and will both laugh and cry over the contents of the 'story.' We may add that this volume is not an abridgment of the larger work, but is, to a great extent, a new book, which contains notices of slave-life, and incidents and anecdotes of Mr. Henson's personal history, received from himself, which have never before been published. Mr. Lobb has done his part well, and for this and other works of faith and labours of love connected with Mr. Henson he deserves special thanks. Let fathers and mothers take a note of this volume for their young people."

The "Bristol Mercury" says—

"This is a well-got-up little work, in which Mr. Lobb gives a succinct and interesting account of the main facts in the eventful life of Josiah Henson, the veritable original of the 'Uncle Tom' whose delineation by Mrs. Beecher Stowe has made his name 'a household word' among us, and regarding whom fresh interest has been awakened by his visit to this country, and reception by the Queen. The story of his career, beginning so far back as 1789, is, indeed, without any aid from the colouring of romance, a most striking one; and we have no doubt that this little work, which, besides many illustrations, has the benefit of a preface by Lord Shaftesbury, is destined to become and to remain very popular."

The "Christian World" says—

"Mr. Lobb has done well in offering to the public two books about Uncle Tom—or, to give him his real name, the Rev. Josiah Henson. The venerable preacher has largely dictated the first book, 'Uncle Tom's Story of his Life,' and we must congratulate Mr. Lobb on having so carefully retained much of the charm of Father Henson's simple talk while pruning and condensing into literary form the intensely interesting details of his slavery and freedom. So many thousands in this country have recently made Uncle Tom's acquaintance that this work is sure of a deserved popularity. The Young People's Illustrated Edition of Uncle Tom's Life is got up in handsomer style and contains a variety of illustrations. The text also differs from its companion volume in narrating chiefly such portions of the life as are likely to please the young folks. Prefatory chapters by Lord Shaftesbury, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, George Sturge, and S. Morley, Esq., M.P., add to the interest of these two volumes of pleasant and profitable reading."

The "Sheffield Post" says—

"Never was a work put before the public under more favourable auspices than that now under review. The hero himself was travelling amongst us, telling his simple but yet touching tale of suffering to thousands upon thousands of eager listeners, whose acquaintance with him through Mrs. Stowe's thrilling novel and the dramatised version thereof seemed personal in its interest. Patronised by the first lady in the land, and 'Uncle Tom' himself subsequently summoned to her royal presence, the popular desire to peruse the unvarnished record of the privations endured by the man who had been raised by Providence to be a leading witness to the oppression of his race, and to prove so valuable an instrument in effecting the release of his brethren, seemed to know no bounds. A bondsman himself for forty-two years, his career affords an encouraging example of indomitable perseverance in agitating for the abolition of slavery—a cause dear to the heart of every Englishman. The story of his life is deeply interesting, and has attained a circulation nearly as large as 'Uncle Tom's

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Cabin'—a work second only to the Bible for the number of languages into which it has been translated. Handsomely bound in cloth gilt, with a preface by Mrs. Stowe, an introductory note by Mr. George Sturge and Mr. S. Morley, M.P., and edited by the experienced conductor of the *Christian Age*, the volume is a credit to all concerned."

The "Christian Globe" says—

"It will be remembered that the author of this handsome and intensely interesting volume was the editor of 'Uncle Tom's' Autobiography, a work which had an enormous sale. In a prefatory note to the 'Young People's Edition' he states his reason for producing it, namely, that owing to the interest excited by the hero's visit to this country, many persons had 'expressed a wish to have the main facts of his strange, eventful life presented in a form which could be more suitable to the young, and, at the same time, more directly calculated to impress its lessons of religion and morality on their minds.' The suggestion was a judicious one, and Mr. Lobb is deserving of thanks for acceding to it, and also for the pains he has bestowed on its production. It should be understood that it is not a mere abridgment of the autobiography, but is to a great extent a new book. Mr. Lobb has done his work admirably, and provided a book for the young which we are sure they will read with as much delight and interest as they would Robinson Crusoe, and that is giving it a good meed of praise. It is beautifully embellished, and contains some capital illustrations, besides a portrait of Uncle Tom and the author. We have not space for extracts, but give the book our hearty commendation."

"Hand and Heart" says—

"We are glad to see Mr. Lobb has edited a Young People's Illustrated Edition of 'Uncle Tom's Story of his Life.' Uncle Tom has contributed an address to his young friends, and new incidents and anecdotes of his remarkable career are introduced. The extraordinary sale of seventy thousand copies of 'Uncle Tom's Autobiography' in the short space of six months is a significant token that Mrs. Stowe's thrilling tale is not forgotten; and also goes far to show that, after all, the narrative of absolute truth is often as interesting to the reader as the most entrancing fiction. Lord Shaftesbury's preface is admirable—as Mr. Lobb says, 'Just like him.' We quote a sentence:—'This humble, picturesque, well-written, and truthful life proves what may be done by one man, and that man poor, uneducated, and even a slave. It may stimulate some to action—it certainly ought to put many to shame.'"

The "Herts Advertiser and St. Albans Times" says—

"'Uncle Tom's Story of his Life from 1789 to 1877' has just been issued in a Young People's Edition, illustrated with numerous cuts. Those who have read the touching account given of Uncle Tom by Mrs. Beecher Stowe must feel a deep interest in anything relating to the Rev. Josiah Henson, who has just left England at a very advanced age, and who has supplied to Mr. John Lobb, F.R.G.S., the materials for furnishing the public with this account of his remarkable career. To the edition now before us Lord Shaftesbury writes a preface, and Uncle Tom an address to the young people of England, supplying his autograph, which, as may be expected, is not remarkable for its clearness. The book is got up in a beautiful style, and is written in a manner calculated to deeply interest those for whom this edition has been prepared."

The "Greenock Herald" says—

"This is a little volume on the life of Josiah Henson, better known as 'Uncle Tom,' and whose recent visit to this country has revived interest in Mrs. Stowe's

novel. The work is very tastefully got up in blue and gold, and will be very suitable for presentation to Sabbath-school children as rewards of merit. It is edited by Mr. John Lobb, who has been Mr. Henson's companion during his tour in this country. The old negro preacher's life is sketched with a tender hand, and reads very well, concluding with an account of the presentation to her Majesty at Windsor Castle, which the writer evidently thinks is the crowning point in the old man's career."

The "Tunbridge Free Press" says—

"The visit of the veritable Uncle Tom (the Rev. Josiah Henson) to this country gave birth to the book bearing the above title, and it has been received with interest and read with excitement everywhere. The seventy-fifth thousand is just announced, though the work has been before the public only a few months; and we have also at hand a handsomely-bound and well-illustrated edition specially for young people. This edition we can honestly recommend as just the thing for the young. The thrilling incidents of Uncle Tom's life are cast into a form that the young folks will fully apprehend and appreciate; while Uncle Tom's address to them will be sure to interest and very likely to benefit all who read it."

The "Methodist" says—

"The Young People's Illustrated Edition of this work, of which we have received an advance copy, is now to be obtained at the *Christian Age* Office, at the easy price of 2s. 6d. It contains not merely an abridgment of the original work, but a re-written story, suited to the capacities of the young people, and so interspersed with goodly advice and sage wisdom as to make a beneficial impression on the mind of those who peruse it. The volume is embellished with a number of illustrations, executed under the supervision of 'Uncle Tom,' and therefore correct."

The "Pictorial World" says—

"The interest excited by the life-story of the Rev. Josiah Henson, the origin of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom, is not to be wondered at; and, with a view to meet the requirements of all classes of readers, an illustrated edition of the narrative, specially designed for the young, has been brought out. It is attractively bound, and the various incidents are well told."

The "Nottingham Daily Guardian" says—

"Mr. Lobb's Young People's Edition of 'Uncle Tom's Story of his Life' is eminently suited for the perusal of young persons. The work has been very beautifully got up, and one could hardly imagine a nicer gift to put into the hands of children than the true story of the life of the hero of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's celebrated fiction. The career of the Rev. Josiah Henson is one of unusual interest, and may be read with advantage by parents as well as children. The preface is by the kind-hearted and generous Earl of Shaftesbury, and we fail to conceive a happier commendation of the book than it contains. Says the noble earl," etc.

The "Christian" says—

"The interest excited by Mr. Henson's visit to this country has induced Mr. Lobb to prepare a special edition of 'Uncle Tom' for young people. It is not a condensation of the former work, which has reached a circulation of 70,000 in six months, but to a large extent a new one. The interest is well kept up, and the narrative generally is thoroughly fresh and healthy. The book is well illustrated, and the binding gorgeous with gilding."

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The "Hackney and Kingsland Gazette" says—

"This is a new edition of the wonderfully popular story of the Rev. Josiah Henson, brought down to the present moment, written in a form suitable to young people. Indeed, we may say that it is a new book, as it contains incidents and anecdotes not before published, with reflections that cannot but be profitable to the reader. It is accompanied by a preface written by Lord Shaftesbury, is nicely illustrated with subjects executed under Mr. Henson's own supervision, and is well got up."

The "Glasgow News" says—

"The Young People's Edition of the Life of Uncle Tom is not only illustrated—the illustrations including portraits both of Mr. Henson and Mr. Lobb—but it is prefaced by addresses from the subject of the work and from Lord Shaftesbury, which will be read with interest by very many. The story itself appears to be founded on the larger work published by Mr. Lobb, with new matter introduced to such an extent as almost to give it the character of a fresh production. The young people will no doubt show themselves appreciative of the gift."

The "Sunday School Times" says—

"'Uncle Tom' (Rev. Josiah Henson) quite recently left our shores, and many young people may be glad to possess a sketch of the slave-life and subsequent escape of the hero of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Earl Shaftesbury has supplied a preface, and while the general contents of the book differs little from the addresses of Mr. Henson while in England, the editor has endeavoured to point a moral as well as adorn a tale."

The "Earthen Vessel" says—

"We have lately seen and conversed with this noble and very venerable gentleman. They call him 'the Rev. Josiah Henson.' His life, 'edited by John Lobb,' is an extraordinary narrative. We wish to make an excursion through its pages; and give a brief comment thereon. During the eighty-seven years of his pilgrimage he has passed through such tunnels, over such mountains; has been in and out of such horrible pits and quagmires, as, when honestly related, throw far into the shade most of the autobiographies we have ever seen."

The "Juvenile Templar" says—

"Who has not heard of 'Uncle Tom,' the hero of Mrs. H. B. Stowe's wonderful book, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? The original of Uncle Tom, from whom Mrs. Stowe drew her picture in the story, is still living, and has lately visited this country for the third time. His name is Josiah Henson, and Mr. Henson's real life-history has been published. Mr. Lobb, the author and publisher of 'Uncle Tom's Story of his Life,' has brought out a beautiful illustrated edition of the book for young people. We hope all the young people of England will read the book. It is pleasantly written, charmingly got up, and full of interest."

The "Primitive Methodist" says—

"The persons are few and far between who have not read Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom.' And though the institution which led that gifted lady to write that remarkable book has passed away, yet the narrative, graphic and realistic, full of touching incidents, thrilling adventures, and sad experiences, will not speedily die, but will continue, as some of Dickens's great works will continue, a record of customs and phases of life that once were, and to the overthrow of

which it in no small degree contributed. There seems no reason whatever for doubting that Josiah Henson is the veritable Uncle Tom. Mrs. Stowe availed herself of the novelist's privilege to render the narrative as effective for its purpose as possible, hence Tom's sad death at the hands of the brutal Legree; a kind of occurrence not at all uncommon in the old slave days. Henson, however, lives, a hale, hearty old man, still endeavouring to do what he can for the good of his race. There are several well-marked periods in Henson's eventful life, and each period is full of interest. There is first his term of slavery, extending over forty-two years, during which time his experiences were varied, oppressive, and many of them sad. He was led to the auction-mart when but a mere child, torn from his mother, and consigned to as hopeless a set of circumstances as ever surrounded child life. Events, however, favoured his restoration to his mother, and he grew up to be a strong and active lad, and a vigorous and powerful man. He was well-nigh flogged to death for attempting to learn to read, and never afterwards, till he escaped from slavery, did he venture to meddle with books. Henson saw and experienced plenty of the cruelty and abomination of slavery. He became religious when quite young, and with a marvellous fidelity and conscientiousness sought to serve the scoundrels who had deprived him of the dearest right of manhood. The intercourse he had with the outside world—being employed by his masters in positions of trust—and the fact that his children were growing up slaves, determined him ultimately to strike for freedom. His escape was a tremendous tax upon human endurance, though in many respects favoured. He tramped for days with his two youngest children slung upon his back, his wife and the others following as best they could, for with a grand manliness Henson resolved, not only to free himself, or die in the effort, but he resolved to emancipate his family. Worn and weary, and faint with hunger, thirst, and travel, skulking in the deep forest shades by day, and hurrying on under the darkness of night, it seemed sometimes as though death had to end the effort. But patient endurance overcame all, and with his wife and children he stood on British soil free. Delivered himself from the curse and cruelty of slavery, then came efforts to rescue others. Again and again did he penetrate into the old land of the iron heel to lead out the captives to freedom. There are few periods of Henson's life upon which we linger with more pleasure than this. Free himself, he was willing to risk liberty and life for others. Quickened in his own life, and gaining knowledge and culture with broadening experience, Henson gave himself to labour with a view to improve the condition of his countrymen who had escaped to Canada. His toils and struggles in this philanthropic work are unusually interesting. He found willing helpers on both sides of the Atlantic, and though hampered and hindered at times he has been able to do much for the good of his race. In this work he is still engaged, though verging upon ninety years of age. His recent visit to this country was with reference to the removal of financial difficulties that were to some extent crippling his efforts. These difficulties are now removed, and the aged labourer may finish his toils peacefully. The autobiography is written in a simple and pleasing style. It is a profoundly interesting narrative of a truly great life. And the Young People's Illustrated Edition, unless we are much mistaken, will become a general favourite."

The "Weekly Review" says—

"Mr. Lobb has very successfully conveyed in this little book the principal and most striking events in the life of the Rev. Josiah Henson, the prototype of Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom.' Full of adventure and incident, bravery and courage, it is just the sort of book that will enlist the sympathy and attract the imagination of young people. The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury introduces the work in a preface written in his characteristic earnest style: and some

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appropriate woodcuts scattered throughout the book give an additional interest to the story of Uncle Tom."

The "North Wilts Herald" says—

"These two handsomely-bound, gilt-edged books possess more than a passing interest, and Mr. Lobb has done a good work in collecting, so to speak, important facts relating to a state of society which must eventually become less distinct in the public recollection. The first volume consists of an autobiography of the Rev. Josiah Henson, with a preface from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and an introductory note by Mr. George Sturge and Mr. S. Morley, M.P. Those of our readers who have reached middle age can remember the excitement caused by the publication of Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which, in the guise of fiction, and relieved by humorous and pathetic digressions, told the painful truth as to slave life. Those interested did not fail to question the truth of Mrs. Stowe's story, and described it as exaggerated fiction. We have lived long enough to find that truth is stranger than fiction, and the newspapers from day to day record incidents which would be deemed incredible if penned by the novelist. The Rev. Josiah Henson—once a slave, now a venerable minister of the Gospel in Canada—was the original of 'Uncle Tom,' and his autobiography establishes the substance, if not literally the details, of all Mrs. Stowe ever wrote. Mr. Henson is undoubtedly a man of great natural power, and the coloured race should be proud of such a champion. Now that slavery has been abolished in America, and is disappearing even in remote regions in the face of the Christian religion, it seems almost incredible that such enormities could have been perpetrated in a country like the United States, and slavery be regarded as an 'institution.' So it was, however, and the book before us will hand down details and established facts for future generations to ponder over with astonishment. The second volume—'Uncle Tom's New Book for Young People'—is a narration of the leading facts in the life of Mr. Henson, and a description of incidents connected with slave life. Mr. Lobb has executed his task with considerable ability. He writes with ease and vigour, while his style is similarly adapted to interest young folks. Earl Shaftesbury has testified his appreciation of the work by contributing a preface. Both works are tastefully illustrated and elegantly bound, and we are not surprised to hear that very many thousands have been sold. As gift-books, school prizes, etc., these volumes are most acceptable."

The "Stirling Journal and Advertiser" says—

"In a prefatory note, Mr. Lobb states that this work has been published with a twofold object—to present the main facts of 'Uncle Tom's' (Rev. Josiah Henson) strange eventful life in a manner suitable to the young, and to impress its lessons of religion and morality on their minds. In both of these objects the author has succeeded admirably. The trials and hardships endured by 'Uncle Tom' whilst a slave, and the perils and dangers which surrounded his successful attempt to escape, are narrated in a necessarily brief, but interesting and readable style. The War of Secession happily put an end to all these horrors, and rendered a similar chronicle impossible in the future. The book closes with an account of the crowning glory of the old man's life, his gracious reception by her Majesty at Windsor Castle on the 5th of March, this year. Every one is familiar with the details of this reception. It is to be hoped that this gracious and kindly act on the part of their Queen will help in some measure to remove the foolish and ridiculous prejudice which her subjects in Canada, in common with their Yankee brethren, entertain against people of colour; a prejudice to which 'Uncle Tom' alludes in his Address to the Young People of Great Britain, at the beginning of the book. Lord Shaftesbury has, with his usual kindness, contributed the Preface. The typography and binding are all

that could be desired, and the illustrations have been executed under Mr. Henson's own superintendence, which is sufficient guarantee for their fidelity and correctness. From its handsome appearance, and the interesting nature of its contents, 'Uncle Tom's Story of his Life' is exceedingly suitable as a Prize or Gift book."

"Church and Home" says—

"Though 'Uncle Tom' has gone, his 'Life' seems to sell as well as ever. To meet a generally-expressed wish, Mr. Lobb has issued a new illustrated edition (especially suited to the young), and a very tasty little book it is. Pleasantly written, and very effectively bound, it ought to have a very large sale."

"Night and Day" says—

"In this handsome volume we have a graphic life-story of Mrs. Stowe's well-known hero—a biography interesting enough in itself, but so narrated as to become doubly so. The Earl of Shaftesbury has kindly written a characteristic preface."

The "Baptist" says—

"Mr. Henson tells his story well, and Mr. Lobb has seen that it has been attractively placed before the public. We are glad to observe that edition after edition has been called for, and that the success has induced Mr. Lobb to issue also a juvenile 'Life,' in which the story is re-told for the special benefit of younger readers. This too is having an enormous sale."

The "Fountain" says—

"A book with which our young friends will be delighted. It is handsomely printed, illustrated, and bound. We have placed a copy of the book in our Sunday-school library, an example which our friends will do well to imitate."

The "Nonconformist" says—

"The life of Josiah Henson, the original 'Uncle Tom,' is now pretty familiar to most of our readers, but even these, both young and old, will be glad to have this Young People's Edition of the Life. Mr. Lobb has introduced new matter, and, in fact, made a substantially new book. The anecdotes are very interesting, the pictures good and characteristic."

The "Graphic" says—

"The interest felt in the original 'Uncle Tom' during Mr. Henson's recent visit to England has not yet died away, and Mr. J. Lobb has accordingly brought out a 'Young People's Illustrated Edition of Uncle Tom's Story of his Life,' containing the principal features of the larger work, 'Uncle Tom's Life,' with additional matter. The biography will be read with interest."

The "Good Templar's Watchword" says—

"Beautifully illustrated, excellently printed, and handsomely bound, this work is well adapted for a prize-book for youth of all stations."

The "People's Journal" (Dundee) says—

"It will be appreciated by the young folks, for whose special benefit it has been written."

The "Glasgow Herald" says—

"The book contains a remarkably interesting life-history, more interesting by far than many a novel. The volume is neatly got up, and will make an acceptable gift-book."

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JOHN LOBB AND JOSIAH HENSON.

The Young People's Illustrated Edition

OF

"UNCLE TOM'S"
STORY OF HIS LIFE

(From 1789 to 1877).

By JOHN LOBB, F.R.G.S.,

*Managing Editor of the "Christian Age," Editor of D. L. Moody's "Arrows
and Anecdotes," and "The Story of the Great Revival."*

WITH A PREFACE

BY THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G., &c.,

AND

AN ADDRESS

TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN

By "UNCLE TOM."

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FIFTH THOUSAND.  
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LONDON :

"CHRISTIAN AGE" OFFICE, 89, FARRINGDON STREET.

1877.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE.

AS the interest excited by "Uncle Tom's" visit to this country has extended to all sections of the community, from Her Majesty the Queen to the humblest of her subjects, many persons have expressed a wish to have the main facts of his strange eventful life presented in a form which would be more suitable to the young, and at the same time more directly calculated to impress its lessons of religion and morality on the mind. Hence I have prepared this "Young People's Edition," and in doing so have endeavoured to keep in view the twofold object stated. It will be seen that the book is not merely an abridgment, or a condensation of the larger work, but is, to a great extent, *a new book*. For in addition to the Preface by Lord Shaftesbury, and the Address by "Uncle Tom," it contains notices of slave-life, and incidents and anecdotes of Mr. Henson's personal history, received from himself, which have never before been published; and as the illustrations were executed under his own supervision their correctness may be depended upon. I have added a few other anecdotes, and appended some reflections

and remarks which I hope will make the book interesting and profitable to the class for whom it is intended, and to readers generally.

I hardly know how to express my gratitude to Lord Shaftesbury for his great kindness to Mr. Henson and myself, and more particularly for the thoughtful and beautiful Preface which he has written to this book. I feel sure the many friends of "Uncle Tom" (and we have addressed more than half a million of people, not to speak of the thousands who have read his Life), and of the negro race in every part of the world, will agree with me as to the great obligations all are under to his lordship. But perhaps the most suitable thing I can say is, *that it is just like him*. I have also to thank the Press for the many favourable notices of "Uncle Tom's Autobiography," which has reached seventy thousand in the short space of six months, and the public for the kind and generous sympathy manifested by all classes. I humbly commend this "Young People's Edition" to the blessing of Him whose Fatherly Providence and loving care are so wonderfully apparent in the life which it records.

JOHN LOBB.

"Christian Age" Office,
April, 1877.

PREFACE

BY THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

WHEN the Jubilee Singers, fresh from emancipation, came to this country a very few years ago, they stirred universal sympathy by the narration of their sufferings; and excited universal amazement, that such talents, force of character, and depth of piety should have been so long degraded under the tortures and insults of what their oppressors, seeking to avoid the odious term of slavery, designated as "involuntary servitude."

Perhaps, of all their songs, no one had a meaning more intense, or a feeling more in harmony with their sensitive nature, than that of which the burden was, "Keep us from sinking down." They felt that, low as were the negro people, there was still a lower depth into which they might be plunged. And their prayer to Almighty God was not only heard to the extent of their request, but much further; in that He has raised them to a higher level, and has placed them in a capacity to serve Him, and their fellows, in the full and free exercise of all their physical and moral energies.

And now Josiah Henson, the prototype of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom," has given his Biography to the public. It shows all the same remarkable

qualities of the coloured race : warmth of heart ; great development of the social, and, where they were permitted, of the domestic affections ; cheerfulness and elasticity of temperament, with wonderful powers of mental and bodily endurance.

In the darkest night of their degradation they cherished generous sentiments, and indulged in noble hopes. The light of the Gospel, which many of their masters vainly endeavoured to keep from them, has often saved those masters from plunder and assassination ; and now that liberty has come to their aid, it breaks forth with clearer power ; and exhibits a down-trodden people arising at once to the dignity of thinking men, and Christian citizens.

It is not for England to vaunt herself in this matter, and censure her American brethren—nor is the book written in any such spirit. We share the sin of slavery with the United States. We compelled them, while they were under British rule, to receive the foul system within their provinces ; and they only carried into effect what we, in our wickedness and folly, had forced upon them.

But all such abominations are, by the blessing of God, now effaced from that part of the earth ; and these, and other narratives, will remain of value, to show from what we have been delivered ; and how we may go forward together in a repentant career.

This humble, picturesque, well-written, and truthful life, proves what may be done by one man, and that man poor, uneducated, and even a slave. It may stimulate some to action—it cer-

tainly ought to put many to shame. Let no one, however lowly, after reading this narrative, sit down and say, "I can do nothing." If such a thought had overpowered the heart of "Uncle Tom," he never would have become the Rev. Josiah Henson, an accepted champion of the coloured race; an example to be quoted by the advocates of his cause; and a living proof of what may be found under the dusky, and depressed, exterior of a despised and afflicted people.

But, mainly, this Life is valuable as exhibiting the power of the pure Gospel of Christ. Let it be seen, in these days of "trouble, of rebuke, and of blasphemy," that it is the one thing needful. It will go deeper than Science, the modern demigod, into the abyss of ignorance, filth, and misery. It will raise men higher than Science, as far as heaven is higher than earth. Science, great and useful in hours of ease, is amazingly at fault in the midst of perturbation and sorrow. And judgments upon men, made here below, will, in another state of things, be stupendously reversed; for many a "nigger," too vile, when alive, to be deemed worthy of a word, or of a thought, may be found to have taken a place among "angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven."



UNCLE TOM'S ADDRESS

TO THE

YOUNG PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Some of you I have had the pleasure of meeting, but most of you I have not seen, and never shall see in this world. There is a better world, however, where those who have loved the Lord shall meet as one family, and where black and white, and every other distinction of colour and race, shall be unknown for ever, *and I hope to meet you all there.* Meanwhile I am much interested in your welfare here, for it is in this world you are to be prepared for heaven, and therefore I pray for you, and send my best love to you all, earnestly beseeching God to bless you, and all dear to you, and to fit you and them for His heavenly kingdom and glory.

Many of your fathers and mothers and other relatives have read Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and have, I doubt not, shed tears over the sufferings and death of poor Tom; and some

of *you*, very likely, have also read the book and wept and burned with indignation by turns. You could not understand how men bearing the Christian name could be so cruel to their fellow-creatures, whose only offence was that our Heavenly Father had made us with a black skin, and had given us woolly locks on our heads instead of common hair. You must not think that the Holy Bible or the Christian Religion justifies slaveholding, although many people, who ought to have known better, have said they did. Our Blessed Lord has laid down the law which should govern us all, called the Golden Rule—"To do unto others as we would have them do to us." And surely none of those people would have liked such treatment as they inflicted on us. Always keep in mind and believe that if people obeyed the teaching of the Bible and the words and example of our dear Lord and Master Jesus Christ, God's only-begotten Son, they would never do anything unjust or unkind to any one. And never allow yourselves to be tempted by what you may read, or see, or hear, to think that the Christian Religion sanctions anything but that which is right and pure and good. God punished the slaveholders and punished America for maintaining such a wicked trade. It is said that a million of men perished in the dreadful war in which slavery was put down. So God will ever, in the end, punish wrong-doing, however long or patiently He may wait for men's repentance.

When Mrs. Stowe wrote her book the wicked slave-trade was still powerful in America, and had she given real names it might have cost her her life, so violent and cruel was the spirit of many of the slaveholders and traders. Hence she wrote her book in the manner of what is called a novel, giving imaginary names to most of her characters, though everything she wrote was based on facts—that is, on things that had really occurred and were then still occurring. And as many a slave had been beaten to death, she describes how the wicked master Legree killed her “Uncle Tom.” But, thank God, here I am in your dear country for the *third* time, wonderfully preserved alive, and in my 88th year. Just think of that, and think how good the Lord has been to me. “Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.” Remember that, dear children, and learn that God hears and answers prayer. Oh! He can save when none else can. All who have seen me can bear witness that I have been most barbarously flogged and beaten, and so dreadfully maimed that for many many years I have not been able to lift my hands up to my head. Yet He who saved Daniel from the lions, and brought the three Hebrew youths safely out of the burning fiery furnace, has saved and kept me to this hour to testify to you that there is a God in heaven who is able to save and keep His people.

Ah! dear young friends, what cause have you to sing—

“ I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me in these Christian days
A happy English child.”

You have never known what a bitter thing it is to be born in slavery; to be torn from all your relatives, and to be sold away from even your father and mother into the hands of cruel masters who would use you worse than a dog. Oh! how much you have to be thankful for, even on the ground of your colour!

You will hardly believe it, but even in Canada, my home, which is a part of the British empire, and under the mild rule of our good and beloved Queen Victoria, black children—my own grandchildren amongst the number—are scorned and despised, and otherwise treated unkindly, simply because God has made them *black*. Dear children and young people, you have many privileges. Oh! be grateful for them, and use them for your own welfare and that of others, and for the glory of the Giver. Love and read your Bibles, and offer your hearts now, in the freshness and tenderness of your youth, to the Blessed Redeemer, who loves you far better than father or mother could love you; for the purest and best human love is but a faint and poor image of His great love. And as He loved you so much as to die for you, show your gratitude and love to Him by trying to help and bless His creatures.

Pray for the poor negroes. Many of them are in darkness, and many in bondage still; some to cruel human masters, and others to the powers of sin and death.

Your noble country has done much for the African race, but much remains yet to be done. Ask God to send them His salvation, and when you grow up to be men and women (should God spare you till then) do all you can to provide them with Bibles and ministers and teachers.

And now, my dear young friends, Good-bye. With this address a short account of my life is given, that you may know something more of me; but I hope you will all read the Story of my Life, which has been edited and published by my good and faithful friend, Mr. John Lobb.

Before this reaches you I shall probably have left England, never to see it again. I am deeply grateful for all the kindness I have received in this happy land; and to my latest breath I will pray God bless Great Britain and Ireland. God bless our gracious Queen, and long may she reign; God bless all the Royal Family; God bless all your churches, ministers, preachers, and teachers, and all your Sunday and Day Schools. God bless all ranks and classes, evermore. Amen.

Your faithful and loving friend,

Joseph Emerson

THE
STORY OF UNCLE TOM'S LIFE,
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CHAPTER I.

WHY CALLED "UNCLE TOM."

AS Uncle Tom's name is Josiah Henson, many persons ask how he came to be called "Uncle Tom." The explanation is this. When slavery existed in the United States, slaves were not allowed to be called by Christian or surnames like white people, nor were they suffered to bear the names of family relationship, such as father or mother, brother or sister. Everything was done that could be thought of to break down and destroy all sense of family life, such as we enjoy and prize so greatly. The slaves were so much property, as sheep or cattle, and were treated as such. At any moment they might be torn away from all dearest to them and sold, never perhaps to meet again or hear of each other in this world. A husband (though this relation or that of wife was not

recognized by law) might come home to his cabin and find that in the few hours which had elapsed since he left for work his wife or children had been sold off and lost to him for ever. Hence a father was often called "uncle," and a mother "aunt," while the children bore such names as Cæsar, Pompey, Quimbo, Sambo, &c. Sometimes slaves were called by the name of their master. In 1849 Mr. Henson, then residing in Canada, published an account of his forty-two years' slave-life in the States, and this book having come under the notice of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, she invited Mr. Henson to her house, and received from him such information about slave-life, and such confirmation of the account given in his book, as supplied her with the chief materials for her celebrated story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." And as "Uncle Tom" is Mr. Henson himself, he has borne that name ever since. Some persons find it difficult to believe that he can be the real "Uncle Tom," seeing Mrs. Stowe gives an account of the death of her hero; but this was done to show to what dreadful results slave-life sometimes led. And Mrs. Stowe was quite justified in what she wrote, for hundreds of unhappy slaves had been, as was well known, flogged and beaten to death. Perhaps nothing contributed so mightily to the overthrow of slavery in America as Mrs. Stowe's book, though the slave-holders fought hard to the last, and caused a war which, while it abolished their hateful institution, deluged their country with blood.

JOSIAH HENSON was born June 15th, 1789, in Charles county, Maryland, on a farm belonging to a Mr. Francis Newman. His mother was a slave of Dr. Josiah McPherson, hired to Mr. Newman, to whom his father belonged. Both parents were of an African tribe of negroes, celebrated for great bodily strength and long life—features of race which are very manifest in Mr. Henson and his family. He tells us that the only incident he remembers while his mother was on Mr. Newman's farm was the appearance of his father one day bruised and bleeding from cruel blows inflicted because he had attempted to rescue his wife (Mr. Henson's mother) from foul violence at the hands of a wicked man. British children who feel indignant at the mention of such horrors must be told that slavery was formerly sanctioned and practised by our own country, and for a long time scarcely any one appeared to have thought it wrong. John Newton, afterwards a pious and devoted clergyman of the Church of England, was, in his younger days, a slave-trader. It is hard to believe that the man who wrote those beautiful hymns, some of which we sing in public worship, the friend and pastor of the gentle poet Cowper, could ever have been connected with a traffic so vile and hateful; yet so it was. The grace which changed the persecuting Saul of Tarsus into the patient and loving Apostle Paul changed John Newton, and can change any heart, for it is the grace of Almighty God.

As most of those who went out to America to

settle there were persons from this land, and as they carried with them the institutions of the mother country, and became colonies under the rule of Great Britain, slavery was introduced, and became the law and custom there. Afterwards Great Britain, to her everlasting honour, set all her slaves at liberty at a cost of twenty millions sterling. But this only took place when the labours of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Brougham, and others had opened the eyes of the people to the wickedness of the slave-trade, and it required many years of self-sacrifice and toil to bring this about, so difficult is it to overcome selfishness and avarice. We boast of our victories by land and by sea, though war is a dreadful evil, but no victory ever obtained by any nation was half so glorious as the emancipation of our slaves; but we must not be boastful against the American people, for they derived the abominable traffic from us.

CHAPTER II.

DR. MACPHERSON AND HIS PET.

MR. HENSON'S father, having given mortal offence to his master, was at once sold off and sent to Alabama, and what became of him neither his wife nor any of his children ever heard. After this Dr. McPherson would no longer allow Mr. Henson's mother to remain at Newman's, but brought her home to his own estate. He was a kind-hearted man, and sought to make his slaves as happy as possible. Young Henson was the first negro child born on his property, and the boy, being full of fun and frolic, became quite a pet. Josiah was Dr. McPherson's own name, and hence he named the lad, and with that gave him the name of Henson, after an uncle who was an officer in the war in which the Colonies won their independence from Great Britain. Our forefathers looked upon that war as rebellion ; but the hand of God was evidently overruling in all, and now no Englishman looks upon the great United States with envy, or regrets the formation of the mighty republic of the western world. They are of our own race and language and religion, and we hope that as years roll on the union of the two nations will become closer and closer, so that war between

them will be for ever impossible. Unhappily, the kind-hearted Dr. McPherson was addicted to indulgences which injured him, and one of which in the end cost him his life. He was a great tobacco-smoker, and drank freely of intoxicating liquors. He liked to have young Henson near him, and would give him a long iron fork, to go and fetch, on the end of it, a piece of burning wood to light his pipe, and as the lad was nimble and sprightly the amiable doctor was accustomed to pat him on the head and praise him, and prophesy that he would be "a great man some day." Alas! one morning the doctor was found lying dead in the middle of a narrow stream not a foot in depth. He had been out the night before at a social party, and in returning home had fallen from his horse, and being, as was supposed, too drunk to stagger through the water, had fallen on his face and was drowned. How sad that such should have been the end of a kind-hearted, generous man! Let all lads and young men avoid smoking, for it is not only useless, but positively pernicious, and is filthy and expensive into the bargain, and often leads to the habit of drinking.

"Surely," said a quaint-speaking minister, "if God had intended us to smoke, He would have put a chimney in our heads somewhere; or if He had intended us to take snuff, He would have turned our noses upside down." Science, that great revealer and teacher of God and His laws, assures us that these indulgences are injurious to health, though they may seem for the time to

please or satisfy. But the feeling of pleasure is a delusion, and the effect is to leave those that use them weaker both in mind and body, and less able to resist temptations. Moreover the law of habit comes powerfully into operation, and the poor victim finds himself at last in a helpless state, as one bound hand and foot by iron chains. It can be proved that such indulgences *do no good*, and no evidence is required to show that they have ruined, and are ruining, tens of thousands. Men who might have occupied high positions in the Church and in the State—yea, men that *did* occupy such positions—have been cast down and destroyed by drink. The road of life is strewn all over by the wrecks of miserable ruined drunkards—ruined in mind, body, and estate. *Never begin to smoke or drink, and you can never be placed in peril.* Young Henson was blessed with a pious mother—one of the greatest blessings God can give a child—and hence she was anxious, above all things, to touch the hearts of her children with a sense of religion. He says he cannot think how or where she obtained her knowledge of God, or her acquaintance with the Lord's Prayer, which she would often repeat. But the recollection of her on her knees, and the remembrance of her prayers, abide in his heart to this hour.

And is it not so with many besides? Will not "fond memory" carry back some who read this little book to times when a pious father or mother, now perhaps numbered with the dead, prayed for them and with them, as young Henson's mother

did for him? And will not such be disposed to cry out with Tennyson, "O for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!" Ah! never shall you touch that hand or hear that voice again in this world; but shall those prayers lodged before the throne remain unanswered? The writer owes his conversion to God early in life to the prayers and influence of a pious mother now in heaven. Only a few weeks since his father also fell asleep in Jesus.

Will any of our young readers turn away from the hope of meeting a father or mother in the realms of light? Young Henson's mother had far more to do with the formation of his character and the determination of his future life than he was aware of at the time, and with what joy will she welcome her son into the mansions of heavenly rest when God is pleased to call him home! If angels rejoice over the repentance of a sinner, how much more those of our own kith and kin who have joined the "great cloud of witnesses." Young people, give your hearts to the Lord, and you will increase the joy of the beloved ones now behind the veil, as well as the joy of those still on earth. "Be of your mother's religion," said the dying atheist to his children. When Henson's mother was on her death-bed she sent this message to her "Sie," as he was called, "Bid him meet me in heaven." We have heard him tell, with much emotion, of his first visit to his mother's grave in 1829, when still a slave. She had been buried, as was the custom, in a piece

of waste ground, for no slave, however faithful to God or man, was considered worthy to lie in a graveyard or cemetery amongst the white dead. But a fellow-slave, named Rachel, who knew her well and received her dying message to her son, guided him to the place. It was a Christmas Eve, and under the pale moonlight he made his way over the hard frosty ground, amongst weeds and heaps of soil, to the spot. And there he lay down and wept and prayed. Often, both before and after his conversion, he had accompanied her for eight miles, over fields and marshes, sometimes carrying her on his back, to a place where the slaves could safely meet for prayer, and there she and others would cry mightily to God for the deliverance of their people. Those prayers have been answered and the cause of the oppressed avenged ; but what a chapter is that in American history which records it ! Like the prophet's roll, it is written within and without in lamentation, mourning, and woe.

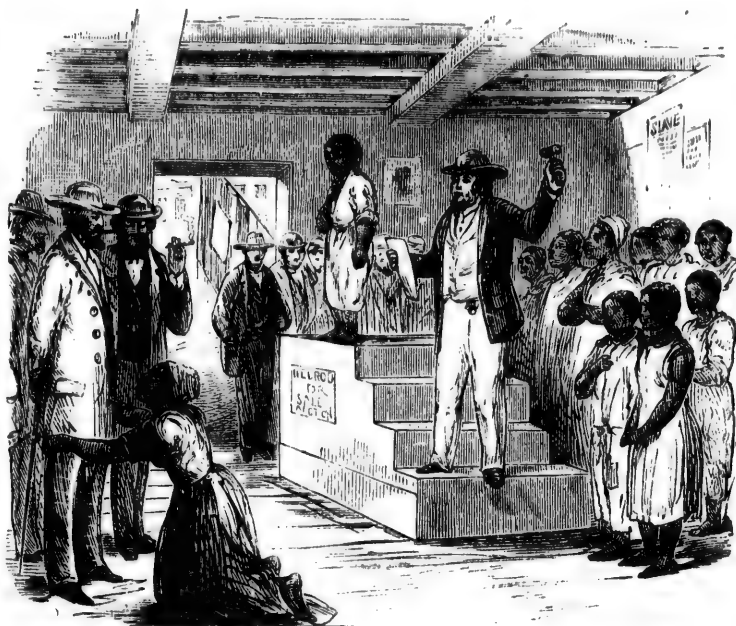
CHAPTER III.

PUT UP FOR SALE.

AFTER Dr. McPherson's death, the estate and the slaves were sold—a case similar to that which occurred on the death of Mr. St. Clare, as described in Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Family ties were set at nought, and parents and children torn from each other and separated on earth for ever.

"Young as I was then," says Mr. Henson, "the iron entered into my soul. The breaking up of McPherson's estate is photographed in all its details on my mind: the auction block, the crowd collected round; the huddling group of negroes; the valuation; the examination of muscle and teeth; the look of the auctioneer; the tears of my brothers and sisters; the agony of my mother. That scene I shall never forget. My brothers and sisters were bid off first, and one by one, while my mother, paralyzed by grief, held me by the hand. Her turn came, and she was bought by a white man, Isaac Riley. Then I was put upon the block while the auctioneer was telling the crowd that I was a smart little fellow, &c., and the bidding for me was going on. My mother, half distracted with the thought of parting for ever from





"O, master, just buy my baby, all the rest are gone, and I will go anywhere, and do anything for you."

all her children, pushed through the crowd, and fell on her knees where Riley was standing, and said, 'O, master, just buy my baby, all the rest are gone, and I will go anywhere, and do anything for you.'

It harrows the soul to read of the distress of the poor woman when those she so much loved were cruelly taken away, and when brutal blows were inflicted because she besought that *her baby*—little Josiah—then between five and six years old, might not be wrenched from her. As she crawled out from the presence of the hard-hearted trader the boy heard her sob out, "Oh, Lord Jesus, how long; how long shall I suffer this way?" How many such cries will the Day of Judgment answer and explain! Young Henson was bought by a stranger named Robb, a man who cared nothing whatever for the welfare of his slaves, and hence their state was dreadful indeed. He tells us that he could only compare his condition to that of a little pig amongst a lot of overgrown hogs. No one cared for him; no one showed the least pity or compassion for another. He soon fell ill, and grew so weak that he could not crawl across the cabin to get a drop of water. All day long he was left to lie on a heap of filthy rags, crying for his mother. Ah! how strong is that instinct in the human soul; and doubtless the heart of the mother was yearning towards her lost son. How beautifully does our Lord bring out the feeling of parental love in the parable of the Prodigal

Son—the Pearl of Parables, as it has been called. “I will arise and go to my father,” cries the wretched, starving youth. “When he was a great way off his father saw him, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him,” is the response. Prodigal though he was, he felt he had a father, and the deep love of the fatherly heart answered instantly to his cry.

And is not this a picture of our Heavenly Father's love, when any of us, His children, lost by our sins, purpose to return in humble penitence and prayer. Poor young Henson could not help being torn away from his mother, but we wilfully forsake our God. Yet saith the Lord, “I will comfort you as one whom his mother comforts.”

The cruel master, thinking poor little “Sie” would die, sold him to the man who had bought his mother. One day he heard the old cabin door rattle, and who should walk in but his dear mother. Mr. Henson says, no language can describe their joy. They had been parted for eighteen months, and had given up all hope of ever seeing each other in this world again. Now he was once more with his best friend on earth, and under such loving care as she could bestow upon him. And with what joy does a soul that has sought rest and peace in the bosom of Jesus, as on the heart of a fond mother, repose; and how happy and blessed that soul's return and union with the Lord! “Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.” “Can a mother forget her child?”—such a monster may

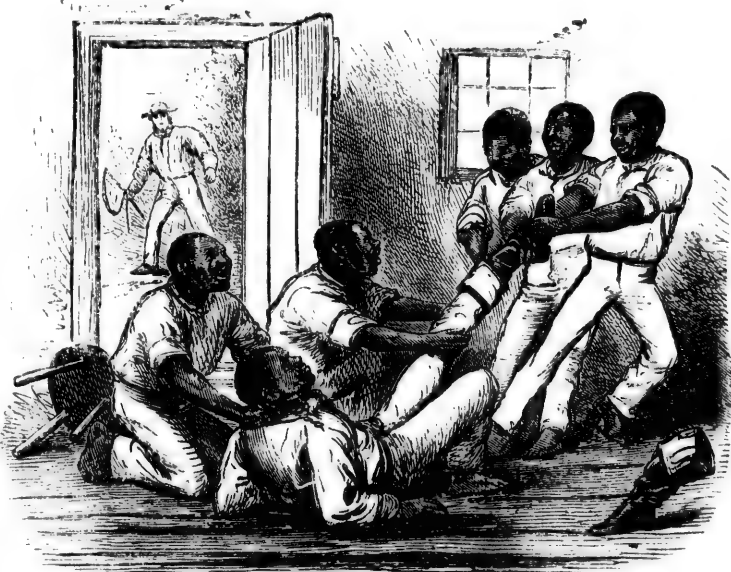
exist—"yet will not I forget thee, saith the Lord." Young Henson soon recovered. He served Riley, who was a coarse and hard man, for many years.

The following is his description of their mode of life. "In ordinary times we had two regular meals in a day—breakfast at twelve o'clock, after labouring from daylight, and supper when the work of the remainder of the day was over. In harvest season we had three. Our yearly clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts, one pair of linen pantaloons like the shirts, one jacket, one pair of trousers for winter, made of coarse negro cloth, or a gown, according to the sex. Besides these, in winter a round jacket or overcoat, a wool hat once in two or three years, for the males, and a pair of coarse shoes. The children unable to work in the field had neither shoes, stockings, jackets, nor trousers given them: their clothing consisted of two coarse linen shirts per year. When these failed them, they went naked until the next allowance day. Children from seven to ten years old of both sexes, almost naked, might be seen at all seasons of the year. We lodged in log huts, and on the bare ground. Wooden floors were an unknown luxury. In a single room were huddled, like cattle, ten or a dozen persons, men, women, and children. All ideas of refinement and decency were, of course, out of the question. We had neither bedsteads nor furniture of any description. Our beds were collections of straw and old rags thrown down in the corners and boxed in with

boards; a single blanket the only covering. Our favourite way of sleeping was on a plank, our heads raised on an old jacket and our feet toasting before the smouldering fire. The wind whistled and the rain and snow blew in through the cracks, and the damp earth soaked in the moisture till the floor was miry as a pigsty. Such were our cabins. In these wretched hovels were we penned by night and fed by day; here were the children born and the sick—neglected." Such was slave-life at Riley's, and we have felt it right to give it word for word as a reply to those strangely-minded persons who have said that the slaves *had not a bad time of it*. Yet young Henson grew, despite all, to be a robust and powerful lad. At fifteen years of age few could compete with him in work or sport. He was as lively as a young buck, and running over with animal spirits. He could run faster, wrestle better, and leap higher than any one about him; and at the dances in which sometimes the negroes engaged in some kitchen or barn, he quite surpassed all comers by the activity of his movements. Ambition, which is to be found in all classes, fired his mind to outstrip all the youths of the neighbourhood; and a most ludicrous scene which occurred just about this time will amuse our young readers, and give them a lesson on the folly of that vanity of personal appearance which is a fault of too many in all ranks and conditions of life. This incident, which is not recorded in his "Life," Mr. Henson entitles, "The First and Last Time I wore Boots during my Forty-two Years of Slavery," and was

told us by himself as follows. "As every hour of daylight belonged to our masters, and was filled in by continuous toil, we were obliged to put off our indulgences till evening, or even midnight, when we could meet in the woods, or in a barn, so far from our masters' dwellings that the noise of our merriment might not reach their ears. I mingled only with the most *aristocratic* slaves in our neighbourhood—that is, with the slaves of the wealthy and intelligent white gentlemen who associated with my master. It may seem strange, but the slaves of a rich white master looked down with contempt upon the slaves of a poor white master. Our *set* was therefore very select. One night I was to go to a dance, and expected to have for my partner a black-eyed beauty, a slave-girl, who seemed to me to possess every desirable quality. I wished to make a fine appearance in her eyes, so when I was cleaning my master's boots that night, the thought occurred to me that if I only wore a nice pair of boots I should be the envy of all the young fellows present, and an object of admiration to her whose favourable opinion I was so anxious to win. So I selected the smallest pair, and with difficulty put them on my feet, which were large even at that early age. I went to the party and displayed my boots, the first I ever had on, and danced with the pretty slave-girl till nearly daylight. Then I hurried back to my mother's cabin, for it was my duty to blow the horn, even at so early an hour, to waken up the slaves to their daily toils. A slave-boy stopped to help me take off the

boots, and it turned out one of the most difficult things, I believe, he ever attempted. He tried one foot, and pulled and pulled till I feared he would pull my foot and leg off. When he had at last succeeded in the great effort of getting off one, I heard the overseer's shrill voice, 'Sie, Sie, where are you, and why don't you blow your horn? Up with you, or I'll make you in a way you'll remember.' I was terrified, and cried to the boy, 'Pull, pull, even if you tear my foot off with it.' I knew that if I appeared in the fields with one of my master's boots on, I should be flogged within an inch of my life, and I also felt I deserved to be punished for my folly and wrong-doing. The boy pulled, and four other boys came to his help, while I, to facilitate operations, lay down on the floor, three of the boys pulling at the boot and pulling me round and round the room, the others trying to hold me back as well as they could, and the overseer shouting out dreadful threats at my delay. At last a tremendous jerk brought the unlucky boot off, and I rose limping with pain. My feet had become so swollen I could not put on my thin cheap shoes, so I ran out barefooted on the frozen ground and blew my horn with spirit enough, as I thought at the time, to waken the seven sleepers, whoever they were. This was the last time I ever attempted to wear anything belonging to my master, and it was the first and the last time I put on boots till I was forty years of



" Pull, pull, even if you tear my foot off with it !"

age and out of slavery." Negro lads are not the only folk in the world who make themselves ridiculous by trying to appear different from what they are as to age and circumstances. Every one, young and old, should endeavour to be real and true, and should avoid and abhor all sham and pretence. There are few things more offensive to good taste than to see young folk trying to be men and women before the time, or trying to make an appearance different from the manner of life in which God has placed them. There is nothing disgraceful in poor common clothes if they are the best that can be obtained, nor in any kind of work if it is honest and right. Filth is disgraceful, and idleness is disgraceful; cleanliness of person and clothes, and cleanliness of life, are fair sights before both God and man. He who works bravely in the position in which Heaven has cast his lot, and does his work in the best way possible to him, is worthy of honour, and will have the confidence and esteem of every good man, whatever the work may be.

CHAPTER IV.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT SPELLING.

OUR young readers will be curious to hear of young Henson's "education," and will hardly believe that it was a breach of law, exposing the "culprit" to a severe penalty, to teach a slave to read. Yet so it was.

"I shall never forget," he says, "my first attempts to learn to spell. I was about thirteen years of age, when I nearly lost my life because I made an effort to gain this kind of knowledge. The schools for the white children were generally four or five miles apart, and a negro boy was accustomed to drive his master's children in a waggon to school in the morning, and to go for them in the afternoon. A negro boy, William, belonging to Lewis Bell, was a bright, clever lad. He learned to read and to spell by hearing his master's boys talk about their lessons while they were riding to and from school. I was so pleased to hear William read, that he told me if I would buy a Webster's spelling-book in the store at Washington he would soon teach me. I had already made some ink out of charcoal, and had cut a goose-quill so that it looked like my master's pen, and I had begun to

make scratches on odd bits of paper I had picked up in the market. I had noticed that all the butter I sold was stamped with two letters, 'I. R.,' and after awhile I learned that those letters stood for my master, Isaac Riley, and I tried and tried to imitate those marks, and they were really the first letters I ever wrote.

"It seemed to me if I took some of the apples that fell from the trees in the orchard and sold them I should be able to get the money for the spelling-book. I did this. Early the next morning I was about to harness the horse for my master; the horse was frisky and ran, and I ran to catch him, when my hat fell off and the book in it dropped on to the ground. After I had harnessed the horse my master exclaimed, 'What's that?' 'A spelling-book.' 'Whose is it?' 'Mine.' 'Where did you get it?' 'Bought it, sir, when I went to market.' 'How much was it?' 'Eleven cents.' 'Where did you get the money?' 'I sold some apples out of our orchard.' 'Our orchard!' he exclaimed, in a passion. 'I'll teach you to get apples from our orchard for such a vile purpose, so you'll remember it. Give me that book.' I stooped to pick it up, and as I saw his big cane coming down I dodged. 'Pick up that book,' he cried, using an awful word. At last I was obliged to do it, when he beat me across the head and back till my eyes were swollen and I became unconscious. My poor mother found me in this state, and it was some time before I was able to be about my work again. When my master saw me after I recovered,

he said, sneeringly, 'So you want to be a fine gentleman! Remember if you meddle with a book again I'll knock your brains out.' The wonder to me is, why I have any brains left. I shall carry to my grave a scar my master made that day on my head. I did not open a book again till after I was forty-two years of age and out of the land of slavery."

This might well be called "a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties" indeed. We can well understand how it was the slave-owners and traders hated education, and dreaded to hear of a slave learning to read. "Knowledge is power," said Lord Bacon, and a wonderful power it is. It is like the leaven which, entering into the dough, leavens the whole mass. Once people can read and begin to think, the death-knell of slavery is sounded, be the time long or short. Hence all tyrants of every class, political, social, spiritual, fear knowledge, and labour hard to keep their thralls in ignorance. The way to keep up the true sense of liberty in a country is to give people a good education, and those who have the opportunity of receiving it should gladly avail themselves of it. Young folks sometimes complain of school drudgery, and think it very hard to have to grind at lessons when the sky is clear and the day fine, and they are longing to be out enjoying themselves; but the day will come, should they live to be men and women, when they will be thankful for the early training they disliked, or thought so little of perhaps, in their youth, and will utter many a vain and bitter

regret over time mis-spent or lost if it should unhappily be otherwise. We must not judge young Henson too severely in the matter of the apples, or in other things of a similar sort which happened during his slave-life. The poor lad thought little of a few apples taken from his master when he felt how he and his people had been stolen and sold into bondage. Moreover, by the law which then existed, a slave could not be accused of stealing from his master ; but we have often heard him refer to these things, privately and publicly, with grief at the degrading and demoralizing effect of slavery. His mother had taught him ever to speak the truth, no matter what came of it ; and instead of openly denying that he had taken the apples, as some white children would have done, or trying to conceal the act by evasions, as many do, he at once confessed how he got the money to obtain the book. We admire this trait in his character—a trait which has distinguished him all his life long, and earnestly urge our young friends to follow his example in this point. There is nothing nobler in human character than to speak the truth, while the contrary is universally condemned as mean and base ; besides, it renders a person unworthy of confidence and robs the life of all respect. Nothing grows so fast upon the youthful mind as the habit of speaking untruly. Peter, having denied the Lord *once*, must do it *three* times. Thus one lie leads to another, and no one can tell where the end will be.

Sometimes the slaves found means of “paying

off" a hated master. On one occasion an accident had happened to the well; there was something the matter, and "massa" decided to go down in the bucket and see after it, two stout "boys" holding the handle of the windlass and letting him down cautiously. When he had descended near the water the "boys" suddenly let go, and down went "massa," with what Mr. Carlyle calls "a prodigious splash." "Oh, massa, massa," shouted the "boys," "de handle slipped out of dese yer hands; fear massa is drefful wet; we's so sorry;" and with a great show of haste and contrition they began to wind up, massa spluttering and blowing, and the water streaming out from hair and clothes. As the bucket approached the top they heard him uttering terrible threats as to what he would do to their "black hides" the moment he got out. Whereupon they stopped, and vowed "de handle was just a-going agin unless massa promised not to touch them." Massa was compelled to promise, although declaring he would have it "out of them" another day, and went off looking like a "drowned rat," Sambo and Pompey sniggering behind.

CHAPTER V.

BECOMES A CHRISTIAN.

BUT now young Henson was about to be brought under the influence of the Gospel, and to become a devoted Christian, and the way was this. There was one John McKenny, who lived at Georgetown, a few miles only from Riley's plantation. "His business was that of a baker, and his character," says Mr. Henson, "was that of an upright, good man. He was noted for his hatred to slavery, and his resolute avoidance of the employment of slave-labour in his business." Mr. McKenny occasionally preached, regular ministers of the Gospel being rare at that time in many districts. Mrs. Stowe tells us how fond the negroes are of a "meetin," as they call it, and of their joyous excitement when any chance occurs of having such a treat. In the old slavery times such "meetings" were doubly precious. There was the gathering together of those who were not only united by the ties of race and blood, but by the common bond of oppression and misery. There was the proclamation of a Divine Father in heaven, their Father and Father of all, and of the Divine Son who, in the mystery of humiliation and suffering, though

perfectly holy, had become the Brother, Friend, and Saviour of them and all men. There was the hope of a day of judgment, when the wrongs of the world would be redressed, and God's rule over men vindicated and justified. There were the glorious visions of heaven as set forth in the Book of Revelation, the imagery of which is so captivating to the negro mind. There were the hymns and prayers in which all could join in their own homely, noisy, and excitable manner. Hence when it became known one Sunday that Mr. McKenny was to preach at a place a few miles distant, young Henson's mother strongly urged him to go to "meetin." He informs us that his mother was at the time engaged in the somewhat arduous labour of combing out his hair; for as that operation was performed only once a week, on a Sunday, it may easily be guessed that it was not a very pleasant ordeal either to his mother or himself. What wonderful power God has endowed a mother's hand with! How the recollection of that *touch* thrills the heart even to our old age. John Newton, when leading a wild kind of life, could never think of his mother's hand, as it often rested upon his head when a lad, without deep feeling. We believe it is Dr. Chalmers who has somewhere said that no man, however hardened in crime, is wholly lost who has any loving recollection or grateful thought of his mother; and he mentions the instance of a culprit, under sentence of death, who had refused to hear all appeals to bring him to

repentance, but who quite broke down and wept bitter tears of sorrow when reminded of his mother's love and care in the days of his youth. Even to the present—and Mr. Henson is now in his eighty-eighth year—he cannot mention his mother's name without quivering face and tearful eye, and the remembrance of his act of disobedience on the occasion referred to—for he refused to ask his master for leave to go to the “meetin”—visibly affects him still.

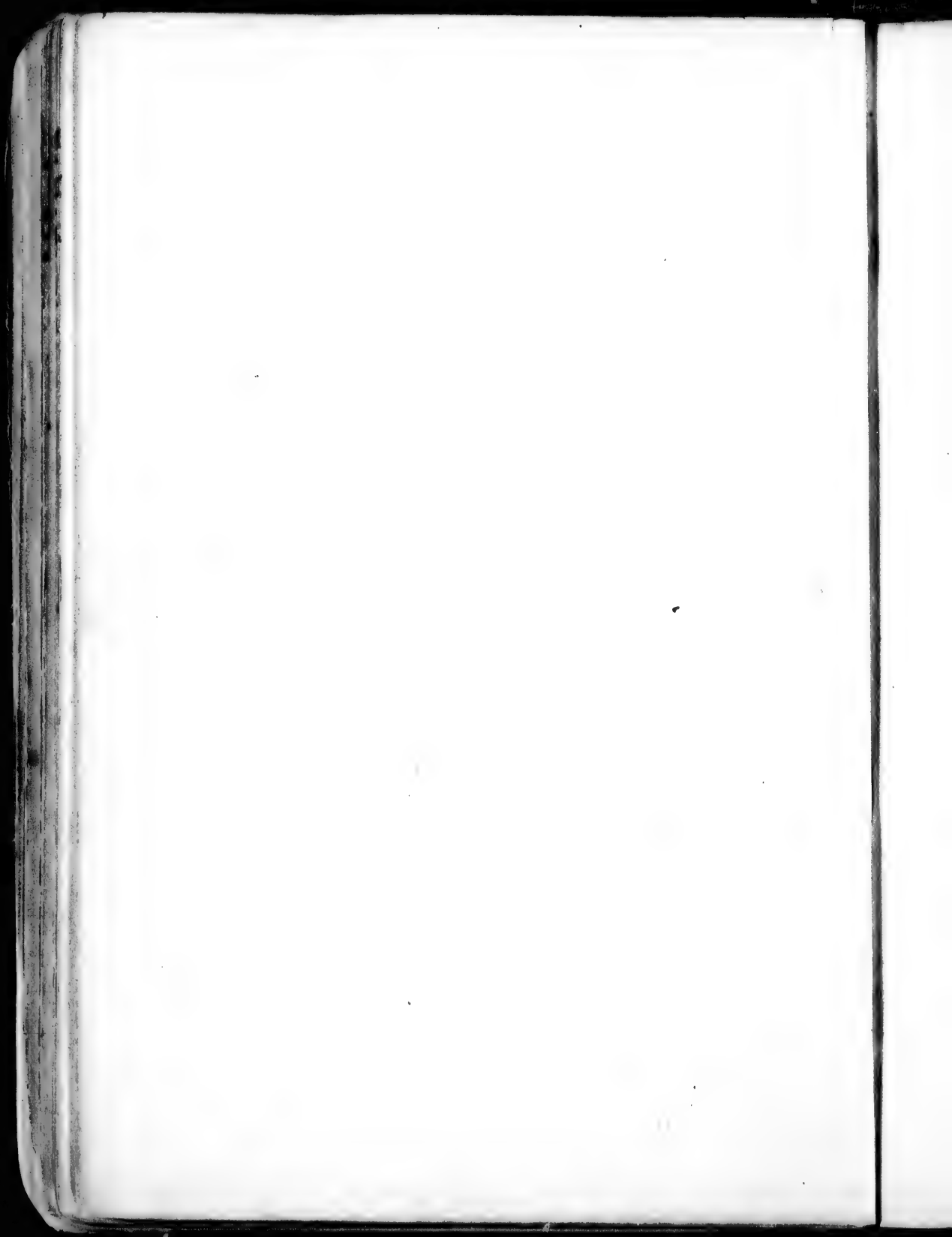
As we have heard Mr. Henson speak of it, we have thought of Dr. Johnson, who, visiting the town of Uttoxeter, when at the height of his literary fame, stood bareheaded, under a heavy rain, to punish himself for having, when a lad, vexed his father. Ah! young people, if you would keep your dying pillow free from sharp thorns, revere and love your parents, and, above all, be tender and good to her whose love is so like God's love, so patient and ready to forgive, so unchanging and abiding.

The following is Mr. Henson's account of what took place. “I had so often been beaten for making such a request (to be allowed to attend preaching) that I now refused to make it. I said to my mother, ‘I do not want to go; I am afraid he will beat me.’ She said, ‘Go and ask him.’ I turned round, like many other boys, and said I would not go. She dropped her head down and shed a tear. I looked at her, and was touched at her sorrow. I said, ‘I will go, mother.’ She said, ‘That is right.’ I went up to the house, and, just

before I got to the door, master saw my shadow. He turned round and asked what I wanted. I said, 'I want to ask you if I can go to the meeting.' 'Where?' 'Down at Newport Mill.' 'Who is going to preach?' 'Mr. McKenny.' 'What do you want to hear him preach for?' Here I was in a difficulty; I did not know what I wanted to go for, and I told him so. 'What good will it do for you?' Here I was at another point. 'Who put that into your head?' There was another thing; I did not want to get my poor old mother into trouble. But she had always told me to tell the truth. So I answered: 'My mother.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I thought it was your mother. I suppose she wants to have you spoilt. When will you come back?' 'As soon as meeting is over.' Well, I went to the meeting, I heard the preacher, but I could not see him. They would not let negroes go into the meeting. I went all round the house; I could hear him, and at last I got in front of the door. I saw him with his hands raised, looking up to heaven, and he said, with emphasis: 'Jesus Christ, the Son of God, tasted death for every man; for the high, for the low, for the rich, for the poor, the bond, the free, the negro in his chains, the man in gold and diamonds.' His heart was filled with the love of Christ, and by the power of the Spirit of God he preached a universal salvation through Jesus Christ. I stood and heard it. It touched my heart, and I cried out: 'I wonder if Jesus Christ died for me.' And then I wondered what could have induced Him to die for me. I



"I stood and heard it. It touched my heart, and I cried out : 'I wonder if Jesus Christ died for me.'"



was then eighteen years old, I had never heard a sermon, nor any conversation whatever, upon religious topics, except what I had heard from my mother, on the responsibility of all to a Supreme Being. This was Heb. ii. 9, the first text of the Bible to which I had ever listened, knowing it to be such. I have never forgotten it, and scarcely a day has passed since, in which I have not recalled it, and the sermon that was preached from it.

"The divine character of Jesus Christ, His tender love for mankind, His forgiving spirit, His compassion for the outcast and despised, His cruel crucifixion and glorious ascension, were all depicted, and some of the points were dwelt on with great power; great, at least, to me, who then heard of these things for the first time in my life. Again and again did the preacher reiterate the words '*for every man.*' These glad tidings, this salvation, were not for the benefit of a select few only. They were for the slave as well as the master, the poor as well as the rich, for the persecuted, the distressed, the heavy-laden, the captive; even for me, among the rest, a poor, despised, abused creature, deemed by others fit for nothing but unrequited toil—but mental and bodily degradation. Oh, the blessedness and sweetness of feeling that I was LOVED! I would have died that moment with joy, and I kept repeating to myself, 'The compassionate Saviour about whom I have heard loves me, He looks down in compassion from heaven on me, He died to save my soul, and He'll welcome me to the skies.' I was transported with delicious

joy. I seemed to see a glorious being, in a cloud of splendour, smiling down from on high. In sharp contrast with the experience I had felt of the contempt and brutality of my earthly master, I basked, as it were, in the benign smiles of this Heavenly Being. I thought, 'He'll be my dear refuge—He'll wipe away all tears from my eyes.' 'Now I can bear all things; nothing will seem hard after this.' I felt sure that if 'Massa Riley' only knew Him, he would not live such a coarse, wicked, cruel life. Swallowed up in the beauty of the divine love, I 'loved my enemies, and prayed for them that did despitefully use and entreat me.'

"Then it was that my mother's prayers and tears flashed before my mind, and I said to myself, I guess this is what mother has been praying about these many years. Many a time she has taken me aside in a corner of the old cabin, kneeling down, holding my hands, and saying, 'Lord, all the rest are gone I know not where, bless this one, save him, make Sie a good boy,' then repeating the Lord's Prayer, would wet my face with her tears, blessing me as only a praying mother can.

"Revolving the things which I had heard in my mind as I went home, I became so excited that I turned aside from the road into the woods, and prayed to God for light and for aid with an earnestness which, however unenlightened, was at least sincere and heartfelt; and which the subsequent course of my life has led me to imagine was acceptable to Him who heareth prayer. At

all events, I date my conversion, and my awakening to a new life—a consciousness of power and a destiny superior to anything I had before conceived of—from that day, so memorable to me. I used every means and opportunity of inquiry into religious matters; and so deep was my conviction of their superior importance to everything else, so clear my perception of my own faults, and so undoubting my observation of the darkness and sin that surrounded me, that I could not help talking much on these subjects with those about me; and it was not long before I began to pray with them, exhort them, and impart to the poor slaves those little glimmerings of light from another world, which had reached my own eye. In a few years I became quite an esteemed preacher among them, and I believe that, through the grace of God, I was useful to many."

We have thought it right to give Mr. Henson's account of his conversion in his own words, written many years after it had occurred, when he had had much experience of Christian life, and had seen it in many others. It was, indeed, a *great change*—a change of heart—producing a change in his whole character and future history, the effect of which, in himself and thousands to whom he has since preached the Gospel, will be seen in blessed fruits of holiness and peace to all eternity,

CHAPTER VI.

FORGIVENESS OF ENEMIES.

MRS. STOWE says: "To the great Christian doctrine of forgiveness of enemies and the returning of good for evil, Mr. Henson was, by God's grace, made a faithful witness, under circumstances that try men's souls and make us all who read it say, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

Perhaps there is no precept of our Lord so hard to human nature as that in which He calls upon us to forgive our enemies, and even to bless them who evil use and entreat us. "Revenge is sweet" is an old heathen motto upon which many who bear the Christian name act. Nothing but divine grace can take away this feeling, and give instead such a sweet, forgiving, loving spirit as our Lord speaks of; therefore, in possessing such a spirit and acting from its impulse, Mr. Henson has given satisfactory evidence that when he believed God pardoned him and gave him peace while praying alone in the woods, he was not labouring under any delusion, but that it was a real work of the Saviour of sinners in his soul. From that hour he became a *new* man; *new* thoughts of God, *new* desires, *new* aims, *new* principles of action, *new* joys, *new* hopes, *new* fears filled his mind. Henceforth to live for Christ, by being one with Christ,

and working to do good among his fellow-creatures, was the great object and rule of his life. Surely such a change, so unexpected, so extensive and abiding in its effects, and those so blessed in themselves and so fruitful of good to others, could only have been produced by the Holy Spirit of God. Of course, it may be said that this is a very singular case, and cannot be regarded as a rule for others to judge by. We admit this. We readily allow that there is a great difference between the poor neglected slave-boy and young persons, the children of Christian parents, surrounded by every good and gracious influence which pious example and church privileges can supply, and we gladly recognise that in the case of such, a different religious experience is to be looked for. There was Lydia, of whom we read that the Lord opened her heart, just as the bud opens to the dew, and rain, and sunbeams; and we know that many young persons are similarly brought into the light and love of the kingdom of God. But what we wish to impress on our readers is the great truth that regeneration by the Holy Spirit is necessary in every case. "Except a man be born again (born from *above*, which is more correct) he cannot see the kingdom of God," said our Lord to Nicodemus. By an earthly birth we enter upon this earthly life and become acquainted with the beauties and glories of the natural world; and by a heavenly birth, a birth from *above*, we enter upon spiritual life and become acquainted with the beauties and glories of the spiritual world. "Once I was blind, but now I see," is the testi-

mony of the man to whom the Lord had given sight. He did not know *how* it was done, but he knew it had been done. Conversion may be a sudden mighty work, such as we have read of in the case of young Henson, or it may be a gentle gradual work in the soul, like that of Lydia, but in all cases it is the work of the Spirit and produces fruits like Him it proceeds from. It brings light and love, longings after purity, penitence and faith, a cleaving to the Lord amid all chances and changes of this mortal life, hope of heaven, desire to bless and save others, self-sacrifice for Christ and His cause on earth.

And who can say anything against such a life? This world has nothing half so beautiful or good. Unhappily, professing Christians have been so much occupied with controversies about points of doctrine, or ceremonies, or church government, that the great vital fact of a *new* birth into God's kingdom by God's Spirit, has either been put aside or darkened so that men have not heard of or seen that which constitutes the glory of Christianity. Our young readers may test our teaching for themselves. Let them pray to God, who giveth His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him—pray in the name of Jesus, earnestly pray, continue to pray, hope and believe as well as pray, and the heavenly light will arise and shine upon the soul. It may come as the morning light, which gradually steals in upon the world chasing away the gloom of night. But whether it comes as a flash, or comes as the breaking of the day, it will come, and reveal Christ and His kingdom in the soul. The light

may cause pain and grief, for it shows the darkness of the heart, and the errors of the life ; but it will reveal Him who suffered and died to take away our sins, and peace and rest and life eternal will be found at His dear cross.

Little Eva, of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is a beautiful instance of youthful piety. Eva softening and subduing Topsy, the wild negro child, by tenderness, patience, and love, is a touching and powerfully drawn picture of what the Spirit of Jesus, though in so young a person, can accomplish, even when the case seems one of hardened indifference. It greatly adds to our interest in Eva to learn from Mr. Henson that such a child is not the creation of Mrs. Stowe's fancy, but did really live, and was actually rescued from drowning by Mr. Henson (Uncle Tom). Topsy, too, whose real name was Dinah, was no imaginary character. "She was clear-witted, as sharp and cunning as a fox, but she purposely acted like a fool or idiot, in order to take advantage of her mistress. When the latter said, 'Dinah, go and do your work,' she would reply, with a laugh, 'Yes, yes ; when I get ready ;' or, 'Go, do it yourself.' Sometimes she would scream out, 'I won't ; that's a lie—catch me if you can ;' and then she would take to her heels and run away. She was so queer and funny in her ways, that she was constantly doing all kinds of odd things, but escaped the whipping that other slaves, who did not behave half so badly, had received daily, because her mistress thought she was an idiot" (Story of Uncle Tom's Life, page 161).

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST TRIAL AFTER CONVERSION.

AFTER young Henson's conversion his faith and patience were soon called into sharp exercise, no uncommon thing in Christian life, as every one of experience knows. It was immediately after our Blessed Lord's baptism, and the descent of the Spirit upon Him in the form of a dove, and the voice from heaven proclaiming Him to be the Son of God, that He was led into the wilderness to be tempted of the evil one. Young persons ought to keep this in mind. As long as they are thoughtless and prayerless, things may go easily enough with them; but as soon as ever they decide for Christ and His service, the foe will assail them, and will stir up all the opposition and malice he can arouse against them. Young Henson's master, Riley, was addicted to drink; and, as is too often seen or read of in our own land, this led him into brawls and quarrels with men drunken like himself. Henson was obliged to go after him to help him home at night, and to protect him as far as possible from the abuse and violence to which he often exposed himself. On one of these occasions a bad man called Bryce Litton, who is

supposed to be the Legree of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was knocked down, as he imagined, by Henson, and he vowed vengeance against him the first opportunity. This soon presented itself, and the wicked Litton did not fail to carry out his threat, the effects of which Uncle Tom will carry to his grave, although he has long since forgiven the wretch. Riding down a lane, returning from posting his master's letters, Litton, who had been lying in wait, fell on Henson with a whip first, and afterwards with a heavy stick, and so beat and bruised him, assisted by some negroes—who, being his slaves, were obliged to obey his orders—that it is wonderful they did not murder him outright. As it was, his shoulder-blades were broken, and the bones of his arms ; and as no surgeon or physician was ever employed to attend to injured or sick slaves on that farm, the poor fellow was left to the "tender mercies" of his master's sister, called Patty, a powerful woman, who used "to draw niggers' teeth and set bones," and who knew nothing of pity or womanly tenderness. She splintered his arm and bound up his back in *her* way ; but, alas ! from that time he has been maimed and mutilated so as to be unable to lift his hands to his head. Hence he is obliged to have the assistance of some friend in dressing, &c., services which often fell to our lot during his late visit to England.

His business tact and upright character commended him to his master, who, though a cruel, worthless man, saw his worth, and soon turned it to his own advantage. He knew he could trust

Henson, and therefore appointed him overseer of his farm, and for many years was served by him faithfully, the disposal of everything raised on the farm being confided to him. Thus it often happens that men who are not religious themselves are compelled to honour those who are, and though they mock and hate, they are forced to acknowledge the superiority of character which true religion always inspires. Nor can any one tell the good effect which such an example may yet produce upon those around, even although no influence for good is apparent at the time. Long afterwards the remembrance may be the means of awakening conviction and leading to conversion. Let those, then, whose present position is one of cross-bearing amongst the ungodly, be encouraged. They are glorifying God, of that there can be no doubt; and perhaps are silently affecting for their eternal welfare those who now seem, if not despisers or scorners, unbelieving and indifferent. When Henson was about twenty-two years of age he married. His wife was a slave like himself. She belonged to a neighbouring family, reputed to be pious and kind. He first met her at the religious meetings which he attended, and he informed us that it was "her beautiful singing of spiritual songs" that first won his heart. She became the mother of twelve children, some of whom still survive. She was a good woman, a good wife and mother, and famed for her skill in cookery, particularly in puddings, pies, cakes, jams, &c., which Mrs. Stowe notices, for undoubtedly she is the "Aunt Chloe"

of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—her real name was Charlotte. Mr. Henson was happy in his marriage, and this is saying a great deal. No greater blessing to a young man than a good wife. No greater blessing to a young woman than a good husband. If young folk would only lay this to heart, how well it would be for the future of many, and how much misery might be averted. No relation in this world so close, tender, and lasting, and yet thousands form connections and enter upon marriage without forethought or prayer or any regard to those elements of character so necessary for the best and highest interests of both parties. "Aunt Chloe" is dead. Mr. Henson was called to suffer that painful loss—the loss of the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, who had battled bravely against many difficulties, and passed through many trials with him. But we will speak of her death farther on. Shortly after Henson had taken "Chloe" to wife, his master followed his example, and married, at the age of forty-five, a young woman of eighteen. She had a little property, but was what some folk call "*near*"—indeed very "*near*," for in her economy she reduced the table supply so low that her youngest brother, to whom Riley, her husband, was appointed guardian, was indebted to Henson for food sufficient to supply his appetite, and which Henson generously gave him out of what he had provided for his own family. But her husband's spending and folly were more than a match for her saving, and a lawsuit with a brother-in-law quite finished the matter, and

brought him into distressing difficulties. And now the harsh and tyrannical master found a kind and faithful friend in the poor slave. He would often go to Henson's cabin for sympathy. Dejected and unhappy as he was, he had confidence in the fidelity and judgment of the slave, and the divine spirit of love, received by the knowledge of Jesus, taught the slave to pity the master. One night at a late hour Riley came into Henson's cabin, and with tears and groans besought him to promise to do what he was about to ask. This was that he should run away to Kentucky to a brother of Riley's, called Amos, and take all the slaves with him. He said that only by this step could his ruin be averted, and that if this were not done at once all would be seized and sold, and the slaves sent, probably, to Georgia or Louisiana—a threat so full of terror that at last Henson consented. The scheme was no easy one. Besides his wife and two children, he was required to transport eighteen negroes nearly a thousand miles in mid-winter—for it was February, 1825—and, worst of all, through a country of which he knew nothing. Happily his courage and shrewdness helped him well. But in passing along the Ohio shore an unexpected trouble assailed him, for he and his party learned that they were now no longer slaves, but free men if they chose to be so. Freedom was a thought that fired his soul, though he had never dreamt of running away, and it was with much difficulty he persuaded himself and the people to go on to their destination. He thought he was bound to keep

his promise to his master, and, in addition, he was anxious to gain praise by completing the undertaking he had entered upon. Years afterwards, in reviewing this event, he bitterly condemned the part he had taken, and mourned with sore anguish at the remembrance that he had been instrumental in consigning to cruel bondage so many of his fellow-creatures. Often and often did he cry to God for forgiveness after he had tasted the sweets of liberty, though at the time he acted according to his light, believing that what he did was best ; but those were his days of ignorance and degradation, and he had not yet seen that the title-deed of the slave-owner is robbery and outrage.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEGINS TO PREACH.

IN the month of April, 1825, Henson arrived at Davis county, Kentucky, and delivered himself and party to Mr. Amos Riley, brother of his owner. He had a large plantation, and kept nearly one hundred negroes. His house was situated about five miles south of the Ohio River, and fifteen miles above the Yellow Banks, on Big Blackford's Creek—the spot where Henson rescued the dear little girl "Eva" from drowning. On this plantation slaves were better fed and kept than on the one he had left, and as he was made superintendent he had some advantages which he highly prized. He had more frequent opportunities of attending preachings and camp-meetings—a religious service almost peculiar to America, and which Mrs. Stowe has graphically described in "Dred." Here he began to preach. Perhaps our young readers will smile as they hear of this—a man so ignorant that he knew not the letters of the alphabet, commencing to teach others. But Henson's "preaching" was not just the kind of thing we are accustomed to. The good news from heaven that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, black and white, bond and free,

and that all might be made happy in a Saviour's love, and gain eternal glory, filled his soul, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke. This was *the* preaching the poor slaves heard so gladly, and this was all they were capable of. But who can tell how much of heaven's sunshine it brought into their souls, how much comfort it gave, how much it helped them to bear the heavy burden of oppression, how many a death-bed it made glorious with immortal hope ! God blessed it, and that was the seal of its authority.

We are reminded of a story we once heard of one of the early Irish Methodist preachers. He was a man of considerable ability and high Christian attainment, but of humble origin, and had no special *human* training for the work of the ministry ; in fact, he had passed from the shoemaker's bench to the pulpit. He was appointed to a cathedral town in the south of Ireland, the Dean of which was far better known in the hunting train, or at the races, than in the duties of his sacred office ; yet withal very proud of his office and very contemptuous towards "swaddling preachers"—the name given in derision to ministers of the Methodist persuasion. On one occasion, when the preacher had made a call at the house of a lady who, though a member of the Episcopal Church, was accustomed to attend the "preaching house" of a Sunday evening, who should walk in but the Dean. He drew himself up, stared haughtily at the preacher, and, resolving to expose him to ridicule, coldly asked, after a few remarks, what college

he (the preacher) had graduated at. "At *Grace College*, Mr. Dean," was the reply. "*Grace College! Grace College!* I never heard of it before." "Probably not." "Oh, it must be a *foreign* college, Mr. Preacher." "Very likely it is, to you, Mr. Dean, but I thank God it is quite a *home* college to me." The Dean looked confused. "Do you know the learned languages?" was the next query. "Oh dear, yes, I speak them freely and frequently," was the answer. "Speak them! Speak them! I didn't know Methodist preachers were so well educated; and off the Dean walked. As soon as he had retired, the lady, who knew the preacher's humble origin, exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. —, what could you mean?" "I meant what I said, madam. He asked me what college I graduated at, and I said '*Grace College*'—that is, I owe all my ministerial training to the grace of God, that is my teacher. And he inquired if I knew the learned languages, and I answered that I speak them freely and frequently. When I meet with a sinner I have a *language* for him, and when I meet with a penitent I have a *language* for him, and when I meet with a saint I have a *language* for him, and when I meet with a backslider I have a *language* for him; and I think, madam, these will pass as *learned languages* in the kingdom of God."

Shortly after this occurrence the preacher had his "*revenge*." Riding along a country road he suddenly heard the cry of a hunt, and almost immediately a poor, exhausted hare attempted to cross the road. But before she could do so, the hounds

came up, the Dean accompanying them, and in a few moments puss was torn to pieces. The Dean looked a little "put out" on seeing the preacher, who was on his way to visit a small hamlet not far off, and to preach there, and politely said "Good morning." The preacher returned the salutation. "You were fortunate to be in at the death," said the Dean. "Yes, Mr. Dean," said the preacher, "and glad to see that puss made a good Christian end." "'Christian end!' what do you mean?" "Oh, that she must have derived great comfort at the presence of a dignitary of the Church in her last moments, a privilege which few of your parishioners have been favoured with, if I am rightly informed. Good morning, Mr. Dean." We are sincerely thankful to say that we live in better times, and that hunting deans and parsons are nearly as rare as black swans.

Between 1825 and 1828 Henson so improved in spiritual knowledge and experience that he was admitted as a preacher by a Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest religious body in America. It differs from the Wesleyan body at home, in that it has bishops, ministers of age, learning, and experience, who travel up and down the country, superintending the affairs of the numerous churches.

That Henson was not allowed to preach without opposition the following extract from the "Story of his Life," page 194, will show:—"After I began to preach, I just escaped receiving thirty-nine lashes at the public whipping-post in Alexandria,

near Washington, simply for asking the Mayor to give me permission to comply with a request to preach there. He indignantly ordered me to be taken to prison on the Saturday, and to receive the whipping on the Monday or to pay a fine of 25 dollars. I had no money, and I prayed to God to show me what to do. At last I found some one to send to my master's young brother. He came to see me in gaol, and by giving him my watch, worth 45 dollars, he paid the fine and I was released. Before we left the city, however the blacks collected around me, and the Lord opened my mouth, and I had the moral courage to give them such a sermon as they had not heard for a long time. As soon as I had finished my sermon, my young master, who was ready with his waggon, hurried me into it, and we rode out of the city in great haste, for, as he told me, the law would not allow me to preach openly to a number of slaves in that district."

CHAPTER IX.

ADVISED TO BUY HIMSELF

IN the spring of 1828 Riley, Henson's master, sent an agent to Kentucky empowering him to sell all his slaves on his brother's estate, except Henson and his family, whom he intended should return to Maryland. The scenes of misery, in the separation of parents and children, brothers and sisters, which this sale caused, left an impression on Henson's mind which never was effaced. We have seen him, in his eighty-eighth year, spring off his chair and rush about the room, in the excitement of his feelings, as he referred to this and kindred sights which his eyes had witnessed.

In the summer of 1828 a Methodist preacher who visited the neighbourhood strongly urged Henson to seek his liberty and offered to put him in the way of buying *himself*!! He obtained leave from Mr. Amos to go and see his old master, of course saying nothing about his intention to buy *himself*, and by the kindness of Christian friends when in Cincinnati, he received substantial help in money, by which he was able to buy "a decent suit of clothes" and a horse. On arriving at his old master's he found that many changes had taken place—to him the most affecting of all,

the death of his mother—during his absence, and he also soon found, by the sneers with which his improved appearance was greeted, there was no hope of liberty. So after a series of shameful frauds and wrongs he was sent back again to Mr. Amos, who also received him with bitter mockery, calling him "a regular black gentleman," and jeering over the robbery and deceit which had been practised upon him. But, notwithstanding all the crushing disappointment he had suffered, he went about his work with as quiet a mind as possible, under the circumstances, resolved to trust in God and never despair.

And here we must just stop to say a word to those whose faith, like that of poor Henson, is sorely tried, and who are tempted to think God has forsaken them or forgotten His promises to His people. It is, indeed, a sore trial which God often calls His children to pass through, but it is no new thing. As Uncle Tom says, in Mrs. Stowe's book, "Didn't they all suffer? the Lord and all His?" But the Lord has not yet spoken His *last word*. When that takes place no one will doubt that the Lord is faithful, and that in "very faithfulness" He afflicts and tries His children; yea, that love, unchanging and eternal love, is the beginning, the measure, and the end of all our afflictions. Let us have faith and wait, and be true to present duty, and at "evening time it shall be light." The harder and sourer the fruit, the more luscious and precious when the ripening comes. The canary bird sings all the sweeter for having

been shut up awhile in a darkened cage. "Though He slay me," exclaimed the heart-broken patriarch, "yet will I trust in Him;" and "the end of the Lord," in Job's case, will be the same in all; it showed "the Lord to be very pitiful and of tender mercy."

But a worse trial was to come—a trial which would shake his soul to the very foundation of his being. *All* God's billows had not yet gone over him, but the time was at hand when deep should call unto deep at the noise of His waterspouts.

One day, about a year after Henson's return, Mr. Amos informed him that he must accompany his son Amos down the river to New Orleans with farm produce; but he well knew that this meant selling him away from home and all dear to him. This dreadful prospect induced misery bordering on despair; but in all the heartrending grief of separation the trembling spirit as yet clung to the Eternal Rock. Strangely did God work. The captain was attacked by a disease of the eye, which rendered him totally blind, and as Henson was the person who could best take his place, though all the others were whites, he was master of the boat from that time till their arrival at New Orleans. He had learned the art of managing the boat far better than the rest; could shoot by a "sawyer," land on a bank, shun a snag, or steamboat, in the rapid current of the Mississippi, as well as the captain. On the way down the river they stopped at Vicksburg, and Henson obtained permission to visit a plantation a few miles from

the town, where some of his old companions, whom he had brought from Kentucky, were living. It was a sad sight. Four years in an unhealthy climate, and under a hard master, had done the work of twenty years. Some of them cried at seeing him; they said they looked forward to death as their only deliverance. We will not shock our readers with details of the wretchedness of those poor creatures, but so dreadful was their lot that when Henson thought his would soon be like theirs, his faith utterly gave way. For the time he could no longer pray or trust. He thought God had forsaken him and cast him off for ever. He no longer cried to Him for help. A kind of dumb despair took possession of him. With what power has Mrs. Stowe described this, the most fearful trial in the life of Uncle Tom—the most fearful trial in the life of any Christian. To employ the imagery of Bunyan, it is passing through “the valley of the shadow of death.”

Perhaps this is hardly suitable to young people, and but few, as we hope, of our youthful readers will ever know anything of such an “hour and power of darkness.” But if in after times a similar trial should happen to any, let them remember that our Blessed Lord was for a short time forsaken by His Father, that He might know by experience the keenest pang the heart can suffer, and therefore that in this, as in all other temptations, we have a merciful and faithful High Priest, who knows our infirmities, who pities us and sympathizes with us, and who is able to save to the uttermost all who

come unto God by Him. It was in this moment of darkness and unbelief, when the face of God was hidden by the black cloud of despair, that the tempter suggested *revenge*! But the stroke that would have deprived another of life and left the burning sting of remorse in the soul for ever, was averted, in a way which we do not hesitate to affirm was a merciful interposition of God. "Oppression drives a wise man mad," says Solomon; and we doubt not Henson's reason was for the moment quite overturned. Let it be a warning, however; for had he not cast away his confidence in God, and surrendered himself to the gloomy power of unbelief, the tempter never would have ventured such a horrid suggestion, so unlike all the man's antecedents, and so opposed to his life and character. But God's opportunity is ever the hour of man's extremity. It was "the same night" when Herod would have brought St. Peter forth for execution that the angel of deliverance arrived. All Henson's cries and prayers to be spared were all in vain, and he was to be sold the *next day*, and Master Amos was to set off on his return in a steamboat at six o'clock in the afternoon. A sleepless night did the poor slave pass. But just as day was breaking Amos was heard to call—he had become sick. How much was bound up in those words! Ah, yes! the hand of God had touched the relentless master, and Henson was now to have a "*revenge*" becoming a follower of Him who, with His dying breath, prayed for His murderers. Amos became rapidly ill, and at eight o'clock was utterly pros-

trate. The tables were turned, and oh, how suddenly and unexpectedly! No longer looked upon as a brute beast to be bought and sold, no longer property, Henson was his only friend in the midst of strangers. The master was now the suppliant, a poor terrified object, afraid of death, and writhing with pain. His cry was "Stick to me, Sie! Stick to me, Sie! Don't leave me, don't leave me! I'm sorry I was going to sell you." Next day, at his earnest request, he was carried on board one of the steamers, and by noon they were returning—fleeing, as Henson felt, from the land of bondage and death, from misery and despair. We live in times when many persons, unhappily for themselves and others, seem to have lost faith in the Bible doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and His loving Providential care over His people. But is not this which we have just narrated a striking illustration of both? Did not the Heavenly Father arrest, by conscience, the arm of His maddened servant when about to commit a terrible crime? And did He not interfere, by means of sickness, to preserve him from the evil which he dreaded, worse than death, when all human hope had vanished? Constantly and faithfully did Henson nurse his master, and thus saved his life. This was returning good for evil. This was to be Christ-like, and there is nothing so noble on earth. They reached home by the 10th of July. To do Amos justice, he manifested strong gratitude after his recovery; but as to the rest, it soon became evident that selfishness and avarice prevailed over every other considera-

tion ; and feeling certain that another attempt would soon be made to dispose of him, Henson resolved to devote his energies to making his escape. While in Cincinnati he had heard much of the course pursued by fugitives from slavery, and had become acquainted with a number of kind, charitable persons engaged in helping them on their way. Canada was often spoken of as the only sure refuge from pursuit. That was the Land of Canaan towards which all longings and hopes were directed. Let us be thankful that it is so, and that the British flag is the well-known symbol of freedom and protection. May it always be so ! Henson knew the north star, and thanked God for setting it in the heavens. Of old it helped to guide the mariner over the pathless deep, and in these later times it has helped to guide thousands of fugitives to liberty and life. Henson felt assured that, could he only follow it through forest, stream, and field, it would lead him to the desired haven. But innumerable hardships and dangers lay between him and the land of hope, enough to daunt the stoutest heart. For himself he had but little fear. But how was he to carry with him and provide for a wife and four small children ? Leave them behind he would not—no, not even for the blessed boon of freedom. The heart of the husband and father was loyal and faithful, though white professing Christians, and even ministers, had denied to him and his the name and rights of family life. After much anxious thought he devised a plan of escape, and made it known to his wife ; but the poor woman was quite

overcome with terror. Her heart clung to the little cabin ; mean as it was, it was her home. She knew nothing of the great world beyond, and the thought of it filled her with dismay and dread. She exclaimed, "Oh, we sha'die in the wilderness, or lose the way and be hunted down with bloodhounds ; we shall be brought back and flogged to death !" With many tears she besought her husband not to make the attempt. But after some time, finding he was resolute and firm, she consented to go with him, though most reluctantly, for she had heard something of the perils and privations to be encountered, and had both seen and heard the dreadful punishments inflicted upon those who had been overtaken in their flight and fetched back to their enraged masters. No wonder the poor creature contemplated the attempt to travel over five hundred miles and more, under such circumstances, with feelings bordering on despair.

CHAPTER X.

THE ESCAPE.

WE think we shall gratify our young readers if we give Mr. Henson's account of the remarkable escape of himself and family in his own language.

"Our cabin, at this time, was near the landing. The plantation itself extended the whole five miles from the house to the river. There were several distinct farms, all of which I was overseeing, and therefore I was riding about from one to another every day. Our oldest boy was at the house with Master Amos; the rest of the children were with my wife.

"The chief practical difficulty that had weighed upon my mind, was connected with the youngest two of the children. They were of three and two years respectively, and of course would have to be carried. Both stout and healthy, they were a heavy burden, and my wife had declared that I should break down under it before I had got five miles from home. Sometime previously I had directed her to make me a large knapsack of tow-cloth, large enough to hold them both, and arranged with strong straps to go round my shoulders. This done, I had practised carrying them night after night,

both to test my own strength and accustom them to submit to it. To them it was fine fun, and to my great joy I found I could manage them successfully. My wife's consent was given on Thursday morning, and I resolved to start on the night of the following Saturday. Sunday was a holiday ; on Monday and Tuesday I was to be away on farms distant from the house ; thus several days would elapse before I should be missed, and by that time I should have got a good start.

"At length the eventful night arrived. All things were ready, with the single exception that I had not yet obtained my master's permission for little Tom to visit his mother. About sundown I went up to the great house to report my work, and after talking for a time, started off, as usual, for home ; when, suddenly appearing to recollect something I had forgotten, I turned carelessly back, and said, 'Oh, Master Amos, I most forgot. Tom's mother wants to know if you won't let him come down a few days ; she wants to mend his clothes and fix him up a little.' 'Yes, boy, yes ; he can go.' 'Thankee, Master Amos ; good night, good night. The Lord bless you !' In spite of myself I threw a good deal of emphasis into my farewell. The coast was all clear now, and, as I trudged along home, I took an affectionate look at the well-known objects on my way. Strange to say, sorrow mingled with my joy ; but no man can live long anywhere without feeling some attachment to the soil on which he labours.

"It was about the middle of September, and by

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"Fervently did I pray to Him as we trudged on cautiously and stealthily."

nine o'clock all was ready. It was a dark, moonless night, when we got into the little skiff, in which I had induced a fellow-slave to set us across the river. It was an anxious moment. We sat still as death. In the middle of the stream the good fellow said to me, 'It will be the end of me if this is ever found out; but you won't be brought back alive, Sie, will you?' 'Not if I can help it,' I replied; and I thought of the pistols and knife I had bought some time before of a poor white. 'And if they're too many for you, and you get seized, you'll never tell my part in this business?' 'Not if I'm shot through like a sieve.' 'That's all,' said he, 'and God help you.' Heaven reward him. He, too, has since followed in my steps; and many a time in a land of freedom have we talked over that dark night on the river.

"In due time we landed on the Indiana shore. A hearty, grateful farewell was spoken, such as none but companions in danger can utter, and I heard the oars of the skiff propelling him home. There I stood in the darkness, my dear ones with me, and the dim unknown future before us. But there was little time for reflection. Before daylight should come on, we must put as many miles behind us as possible, and be safely hidden in the woods. We had no friends to look to for assistance, for the population in that section of the country was then bitterly hostile to the fugitive. If discovered, we should be seized and lodged in jail. In God was our only hope. Fervently did I pray to Him as we trudged on cautiously and stealthily, as fast as

the darkness and the feebleness of my wife and boys would allow. To her, indeed, I was compelled to talk sternly ; she trembled like a leaf, and even then implored me to return.

"For a fortnight we pressed steadily on, keeping to the road during the night, hiding whenever a chance vehicle or horseman was heard, and during the day burying ourselves in the woods. Our provisions were rapidly giving out. Two days before reaching Cincinnati they were utterly exhausted. All night long the children cried with hunger, and my poor wife loaded me with reproaches for bringing them into such misery. It was a bitter thing to hear them cry, for I needed encouragement myself. My limbs were weary, and my back and shoulders raw with the burden I carried. A fearful dread of detection ever pursued me, and I would start out of my sleep in terror, my heart beating against my ribs, expecting to find the dogs and slave-hunters after me. Had I been alone, I would have borne starvation, even to exhaustion, before I would have ventured in sight of a house in quest of food. But now something must be done ; it was necessary to run the risk of exposure by daylight upon the road.

"The only way to proceed was to adopt a bold course. Accordingly, I left our hiding-place, took to the road, and turned towards the south, to lull any suspicion that might be aroused were I to be seen going the other way. Before long I came to a house. A furious dog rushed out at me, and his master following to quiet him, I asked if he would

sell me a little bread and meat. He was a surly fellow. 'No, I have nothing for niggers!' At the next, I succeeded no better, at first. The man of the house met me in the same style; but his wife, hearing our conversation, said to her husband, 'How can you treat any human being so? If a dog was hungry I would give him something to eat.' She then added, 'We have children, and who knows but they may some day need the help of a friend.' The man laughed and told her that if she took care of niggers, he wouldn't. She asked me to come in, loaded a plate with venison and bread, and, when I laid it into my handkerchief, and put a quarter of a dollar on the table, she quietly took it up and put it in my handkerchief, with an additional quantity of venison. I felt the hot tears roll down my cheeks as she said, 'God bless you;' and I hurried away to bless my starving wife and little ones."

CHAPTER XI.

THE ESCAPE—(*continued*).

“A LITTLE while after eating the venison, which was quite salt, the children became very thirsty, and groaned and sighed so that I went off stealthily, breaking the bushes to keep my path, to find water. I found a little rill, and drank a large draught. Then I tried to carry some in my hat ; but, alas ! it leaked. Finally, I took off both shoes, which luckily had no holes in them, rinsed them out, filled them with water, and carried it to my family. They drank it with great delight. I have since then sat at splendidly-furnished tables in Canada, the United States, and England ; but never did I see any human beings relish anything more than my poor famishing little ones did that refreshing draught out of their father’s shoes. That night we made a long run, and two days afterwards we reached Cincinnati.

“I now felt comparatively at home. Before entering the town I hid my wife and children in the woods, and then walked on alone in search of my friends. They welcomed me warmly, and just after dusk my wife and children were brought in, and we found ourselves hospitably cheered and refreshed. Two weeks of exposure to incessant

fatigue, anxiety, rain, and chill, make it indescribably sweet to enjoy once more the comfort of rest and shelter.

"I have sometimes heard harsh and bitter words spoken of those devoted men who were banded together to succour and bid God-speed to the hunted fugitive; men who, through pity for the suffering, voluntarily exposed themselves to hatred, fines, and imprisonment. If there be a God who will have mercy on the merciful, great will be their reward. In the great day when men shall stand in judgment before the Divine Master, crowds of the outcast and forsaken of earth will gather around them, and in joyful tones bear witness, 'We were hungry and ye gave us meat, thirsty and ye gave us drink, naked and ye clothed us, sick and ye visited us.' And He who has declared that, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me,' will accept the attestation, and hail them with His welcome, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father.' Their glory shall yet be proclaimed from the house-tops, and may that 'peace of God which the world can neither give nor take away' dwell richly in their hearts!

"Among such as those—good Samaritans, of whom the Lord says, 'Go ye and do likewise,'—our lot was now cast. Carefully they provided for our welfare until our strength was recruited, and then they set us thirty miles on our way by waggon.

"We followed the same course as before—travel-

ling by night and resting by day—till we arrived at the Scioto, where we had been told we should strike the military road of General Hull, made in the last war with Great Britain, and might then safely travel by day. We found the road, accordingly, by the large sycamore and elms which marked its beginning, and entered upon it with fresh spirits early in the day. Nobody had told us that it was cut through the wilderness, and I had neglected to provide any food, thinking we should soon come to some habitation, where we could be supplied. But we travelled on all day without seeing one, and lay down at night, hungry and weary enough. The wolves were howling around us, and though too cowardly to approach, their noise terrified my poor wife and children. Nothing remained to us in the morning but a little piece of dried beef, too little, indeed, to satisfy our cravings, but enough to afflict us with intolerable thirst. I divided most of this amongst us, and then we started for a second day's tramp in the wilderness. A painful day it was to us. The road was rough, the underbrush tore our clothes and exhausted our strength; trees that had been blown down, blocked the way; we were faint with hunger, and no prospect of relief opened up before us. We spoke little, but steadily struggled along; I with my babes on my back, my wife aiding the two other children to climb over the fallen trunks and force themselves through the briers. Suddenly, as I was plodding along a little ahead of my wife and the

boys, I heard them call me, and turning round saw my wife prostrate on the ground. 'Mother's dying,' cried Tom; and when I reached her, it seemed really so. From sheer exhaustion she had fallen in surmounting a log. Distracted with anxiety, I feared she was gone. For some minutes no sign of life was manifest; but after a time she opened her eyes, and finally recovering enough to take a few mouthfuls of the beef, her strength returned, and we once more went bravely on our way. I cheered the sad group with hopes I was far from sharing myself. For the first time I was nearly ready to abandon myself to despair. Starvation in the wilderness was the doom that stared me and mine in the face. But again, 'man's extremity was God's opportunity.'

"We had not gone far, and I suppose it was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when we discerned some persons approaching us at no great distance. We were instantly on the alert, as we could hardly expect them to be friends. The advance of a few paces showed me they were Indians, with packs on their shoulders; and they were so near that if they were hostile it would be useless to try to escape. So I walked along boldly, till we came close upon them. They were bent down with their burdens, and had not raised their eyes till now; and when they did so, and saw me coming towards them, they looked at me in a frightened sort of a way for a moment, and then, setting up a peculiar howl, turned round, and ran as fast as they could. There were three or four of

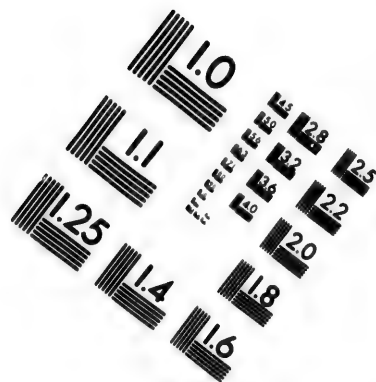
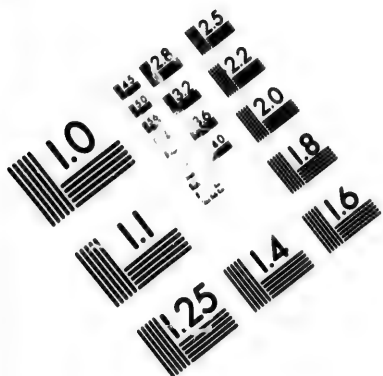
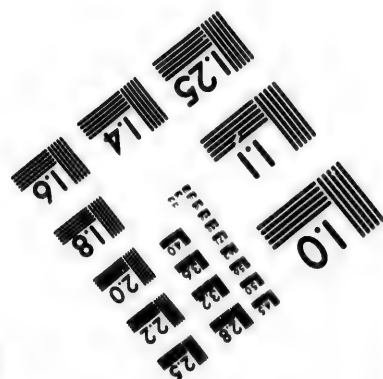
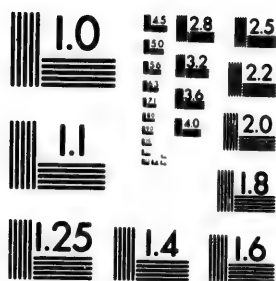


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them, and what they were afraid of I could not imagine. There was no doubt they were frightened, and we heard their wild and prolonged howl, as they ran, for a mile or more. My wife was alarmed, too, and thought they were merely running back to collect more of a party, and then would come and murder us; and she wanted to turn back. I told her they were numerous enough to do that, if they wanted to, without help; and that as for turning back, I had had quite too much of the road behind us, and that it would be a ridiculous thing that both parties should run away. If they were disposed to run, I would follow. We did follow, and the noise soon ceased. As we advanced, we could discover Indians peeping at us from behind the trees, and dodging out of sight if they thought we were looking at them. Presently we came upon their wigwams, and saw a fine-looking, stately Indian, with his arms folded, waiting for us to approach. He was, apparently, the chief; and, saluting us civilly, he soon discovered we were human beings, and spoke to his young men, who were scattered about, and made them come in and give up their foolish fears. And now curiosity seemed to prevail. Each one wanted to touch the children, who were as shy as partridges with their long life in the woods; and as they shrunk away, and uttered a little cry of alarm, the Indian would jump back too, as if he thought they would bite him. However, a little while sufficed to make them understand whither we were going, and what we needed;

and then they supplied our wants, fed us bountifully, and gave us a comfortable wigwam for our night's rest. The next day we resumed our march, having ascertained from the Indians that we were only about twenty-five miles from the lake. They sent some of their young men to point out the place where we were to turn off, and parted from us with as much kindness as possible."



CHAPTER XII.

THE ESCAPE--(*continued*).

" I N passing over the part of Ohio near the lake, where such an extensive plain is found, we came to a spot overflowed by a stream, across which the road passed. I forded it first, with the help of a sounding-pole, and then taking the children on my back, first the two little ones, and then the others, one at a time, and, lastly, my wife, I succeeded in getting them safely across. At this time the skin was worn from my back to an extent almost equal to the size of the knapsack.

" One night more was passed in the woods, and in the course of the next forenoon, we came out upon the wide, treeless plain which lies south and west of Sandusky city. The houses of the village were in plain sight. About a mile from the lake I hid my wife and children in the bushes, and pushed forward. I was attracted by a house on the left, between which and a small coasting vessel, a number of men were passing and repassing with great activity. Promptly deciding to approach them, I drew near, and scarcely had I come within distance, when the captain of the schooner cried out, 'Hollo there, man! you want to work?' 'Yes, sir!' shouted I. 'Come along, come along; I'll

give you a shilling an hour. Must get off with this wind.' As I came near, he said, 'Oh, you can't work; you're crippled.' 'Can't I?' said I; and in a minute I had hold of a bag of corn, and followed the gang in emptying it into the hold. I took my place in the line of labourers next to a coloured man, and soon got into conversation with him. 'How far is to Canada?' He gave me a peculiar look, and in a minute I saw he knew all. 'Want to go to Canada? Come along with us, then. Our captain's a fine fellow. We're going to Buffalo.' 'Buffalo; how far is that from Canada?' 'Don't you know, man? Just across the river.' I now opened my mind frankly to him, and told him about my wife and children. 'I'll speak to the captain,' said he. He did so, and in a moment the captain took me aside, and said, 'The Doctor says you want to go to Buffalo with your family.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, why not go with me!' was his frank reply. 'Doctor says you've got a family.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Where do you stop?' 'About a mile back.' 'How long have you been here?' 'No time,' I answered, after a moment's hesitation. 'Come, my good fellow, tell us all about it. You're running away, ain't you?' I saw he was a friend, and opened my heart to him. 'How long will it take you to get ready?' 'Be here in half an hour, sir.' 'Well, go along and get them.' Off I started; but, before I had run fifty feet, he called me back. 'Stop,' said he; 'you go on getting the grain in. When we get off, I'll lay to over opposite that island, and send a boat back. There's a lot of

regular nigger-catchers in the town below, and they might suspect if you brought your party out of the bush by daylight.' I worked away with a will. Soon the two or three hundred bushels of corn were aboard, the hatches fastened down, the anchor raised, and the sails hoisted.

"I watched the vessel with intense interest as she left her moorings. Away she went before the free breeze. Already she seemed beyond the spot at which the captain agreed to lay to, and still she flew along. My heart sank within me; so near deliverance, and again to have my hopes blasted, again to be cast on my own resources! I felt that they had been making sport of my misery. The sun had sunk to rest, and the purple and gold of the west were fading away into grey. Suddenly, however, as I gazed with a weary heart, the vessel swung round into the wind, the sails flapped, and she stood motionless. A moment more, and a boat was lowered from her stern, and with a steady stroke made for the point at which I stood. I felt that my hour of release had come. On she came, and in ten minutes she rode up handsomely on to the beach.

"My black friend and two sailors jumped out, and we started off at once for my wife and children. To my horror, they were gone from the place where I left them. Overpowered with fear, I supposed they had been found and carried off. There was no time to lose, and the men told me I would have to go alone. Just at the point of despair, however, I stumbled on one of the children. My

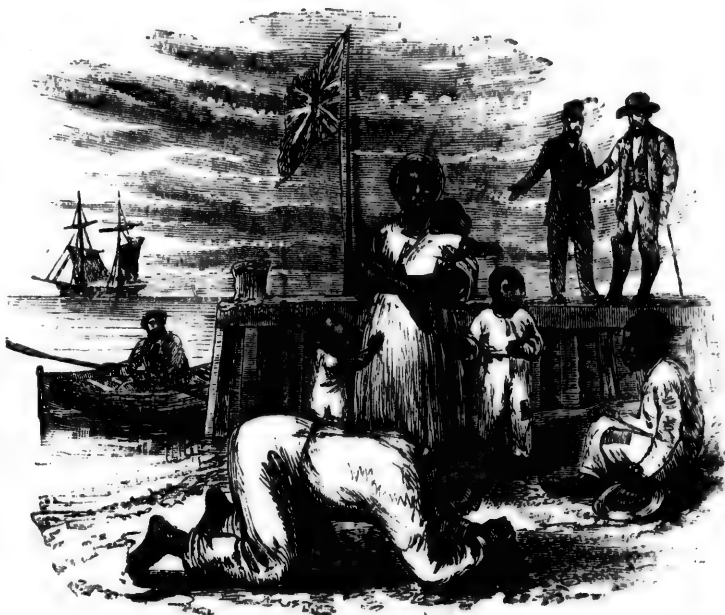
wife, it seemed, alarmed at my long absence, had given up all for lost, and supposed I had fallen into the hands of the enemy. When she heard my voice, mingled with those of the others, she thought my captors were leading me back to make me discover my family, and in the extremity of her terror she had tried to hide herself. I had hard work to satisfy her. Our long habits of concealment and anxiety had rendered her suspicious of every one; and her agitation was so great that for a time she was incapable of understanding what I said, and went on in a sort of paroxysm of distress and fear. This, however, was soon over, and the kindness of my companions did much to facilitate the matter.

“And now we were off for the boat. It required little time to embark our luggage—one convenience, at least, of having nothing. The men bent their backs with a will, and headed steadily for a light hung from the vessel's mast. I was praising God in my soul. Three hearty cheers welcomed us as we reached the schooner, and never till my dying day shall I forget the shout of the captain—he was a Scotchman—‘Coom up on deck, and clop your wings and crawl like a rooster; you're a free nigger as sure as you're a live mon.’ Round went the vessel, the wind plunged into her sails as though inoculated with the common feeling—the water seethed and hissed past her sides. Man and nature, and, more than all, I felt the God of man and nature, who breathes love into the heart and maketh the winds His ministers, were with us. My happiness that night rose at times to positive

pain. Unnerved by so sudden a change from destitution and danger to such kindness and blessed security, I wept like a child.

"The next evening we reached Buffalo, but it was too late to cross the river that night. 'You see those trees,' said the noble-hearted captain, next morning, pointing to a group in the distance; 'they grow on free soil, and as soon as your feet touch that, you're a *mon*. I want to see you go and be a freeman. I'm poor myself, and have nothing to give you; I only sail the boat for wages; but I'll see you across. Here, Green,' said he to a ferryman, 'what will you take this man and his family over for—he's got no money?' 'Three shillings.' He then took a dollar out of his pocket and gave it to me. Never shall I forget the spirit in which he spoke. He put his hand on my head and said, 'Be a good fellow, won't you?' I felt streams of emotion running down in electric courses from head to foot. 'Yes,' said I; 'I'll use my freedom well; I'll give my soul to God.' He stood waving his hat as we pushed off for the opposite shore. God bless him! God bless him eternally! Amen!

"It was the 28th of October, 1830, in the morning, when my feet first touched the Canada shore. I threw myself on the ground, rolled in the sand, seized handfuls of it and kissed them, and danced around, till, in the eyes of several who were present, I passed for a madman. 'He's some crazy fellow,' said a Colonel Warren, who happened to be there. 'Oh no, master! don't you know? I'm free!' He burst into a shout of laughter. 'Well, I never



“He’s some crazy fellow,” said a Colonel Warren, who happened to be there.

knew freedom make a man roll in the sand in such a fashion.' Still I could not control myself. I hugged and kissed my wife and children, and, until the first exuberant burst of feeling was over, went on as before."

We may mention that the two children he carried on his back still survive. Josiah has a family, and has been so successful in business that he is now in good circumstances. Jane is a widow, an invalid, and lives with her father. During his late visit to England she has been keeping his house.



CHAPTER XIII.

A HIGHER REDEMPTION.

HOW strong must have been the love of liberty in Henson's heart when he risked so much and endured so much to obtain it! Yet there were many slaves around him who had no such feeling. How was this? The answer is ready. Slavery had so weakened and depressed their sense of manhood that they had no desire for freedom, and were the willing thralls of their masters. And do we not see a similar state of feeling in relation to redemption by the Lord Jesus, and the result of a similar cause? By nature and evil works men are the slaves of sin and Satan: yet how few comparatively desire to be saved; how few feel the misery of sin; how few long for "the glorious liberty of the sons of God"! Sin blinds the mind to the dignity of immortal life; and when heavenly light is refused and unholy indulgences persevered in, the heart becomes hardened, and the soul settles down into confirmed unbelief. To such persons the Gospel is preached in vain. They will not hear that they are in bondage, and they care not for the promises of salvation. Like the Jews, to whom our Lord preached, they resent the very idea of bondage,

and are morally incapable of welcoming the glad tidings of the Gospel. They make no response to the offers of redemption. No description of its beauty and glory seems to touch them. They are captives of Satan, and yet appear not to know that such is their state, and have neither a desire nor a hope of eternal life. In the parable of the Prodigal Son our Lord brings out these points most forcibly. It was only when there "arose a mighty famine in that land" that the prodigal "came to himself," and thought of his father and the home he had forsaken. Thank God for the "famine" that brings the sinner "to himself"! Thank God, the soul can find no lasting satisfaction in sinful pleasures. Poor Robert Burns expresses his experience :

" Pleasures are like poppies spread,
We seize the flower, its bloom is shed !
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melt for ever ;
Or like the borealis race,
That flits ere you can point their place ;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm."

And a greater than Burns, the unhappy Lord Byron, thus described his own sad condition in the last lines he ever wrote :

" My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of life are gone—
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

" The fire that in my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze,
A funeral pile."

Dear young friends, you will never know the wretchedness of such a state if you will only *now*, in the days of your youth, while your heart is tender and open to the sweet influences of grace, decide for Christ, and unite yourself to His people. To those who feel the wretchedness of sin, and the misery of alienation from God ; to those who long for redemption, not merely that they may escape hell but that they may perfectly love God and worthily magnify His holy name, the Gospel comes with the blessed sound of *liberty*. It opens the door of the captive ; it strikes off his fetters ; it shows the way of escape ; it leads to the promised land ; it takes away the spirit of bondage ; it imparts a filial spirit ; it reveals the home beyond the grave, and points to the skies. It transforms the slaves of sin and Satan into sons and daughters of God, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ. By its divine power we reach true manhood, we enjoy heavenly liberty, we become the citizens of the Jerusalem above. If any, therefore, should ask : How is it I do not feel the Gospel to be the power of God unto my salvation ? the reply is at hand. You do not feel your self-will, your lack of love, to be slavery and death. You do not see Christ's service to be perfect freedom and life. No one is free till the Son of God makes him free. Then we cry, Abba ! Father ! Then we realize something of the dignity and blessedness of life eternal. See what the poor slave was willing to undergo to gain *earthly* freedom. What are you willing to undergo to gain *heavenly* freedom ? Ah !

how the illusions of the world vanish in the time of sickness, and still more so in the approach of death. "If God would only spare me," said the dying young nobleman, whom Dr. Young described under the title of "Lord Altamont," and whose life had been one of sinful pleasure and irreligion, "I take heaven and earth to witness that I would strive for holiness as I must soon struggle for life." Yes, there is no heaven without holiness. The *pure* in heart shall see God—implying that the *impure* cannot. That glorious vision, the thought of which elevated Job above all his sufferings and losses, can only be enjoyed by those spiritually meet for it. Nor rites, nor ceremonies, nor creeds, nor forms of worship, however good, can avail for that blessed destiny. Those "before the throne" sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever." "Strive (the word is *agonize*) to enter in at the strait gate." The poor slave strove for liberty and gained it. How should we *strive* to gain eternal life!

We have seen with what joy and gratitude the escaped slave cast himself upon freedom's shore. Is not this a picture of the joy and gratitude of the soul when first it realizes freedom and life in Christ? But what is that, though infinitely surpassing all the joys of earth, to the rapturous delight of the redeemed spirit, when, all life's perils and pains past, it finds itself safe, for ever, on the heavenly shore! When Henson and his

family had reached the land of liberty, he soon found that all there was not just what he had supposed he should meet with. On the contrary; he met with much that disappointed and troubled him. He had to encounter prejudice and opposition in quarters where he had least expected them. There is no lot in life without cares and anxieties; but when God would train a man for some great and important work, He generally places him in the school of severe trial. It is there He educates him, and disappointment and failure of hopes are part of the divinely chosen means by which the education is accomplished. Many years after, when Mr. Henson was asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury at what college he had graduated, the answer was, "At the College of Adversity." Let all young Christians expect to pass through some such trials, and then when they arise they will not think that "some strange thing has happened unto them." Even the youngest will soon find that spiritual life here is a warfare. They will soon find cause for vexation. They will meet not only with cold looks and unsympathizing words and acts, from professing Christians, but with envy, jealousy, evil-speaking, uncharitable judgments, worldliness, heartless indifference, sect animosities, and many other things startling and painful. When they try to do good they will probably be misunderstood and misrepresented—their motives not only questioned, but evil motives attributed to them. Satan will oppose them in every possible way. He will tempt both from within and without.

He will stir up whatever evil is in the heart ; he will excite and inflame every passion that is not fully sanctified ; he will lay snares for the feet, and seek to entrap into some sin ; he will perplex and distract the soul with doubts and difficulties. Even God's providence may appear estranged. "All these things are against me." But did Henson wish to return to the land of bondage ? No ; he felt the preciousness of liberty and the hope of its calling, and he resolved to press on in the path God had so mercifully opened to him.

And mark the end. See how grandly, under all trials and disappointments, he grew up to an intelligent and spiritual manhood, which has placed him in a high position amongst his race, and made his name famous in this country, as well as in the land of his adoption. Go on then, young Christian, in the way of the Lord, and look not back. For what is behind you but bondage and death, out of which God has delivered you ? and what is before you but a glorious manhood, to be strengthened and chastened, purified and made beautiful, by trial ? One Friend you have who will "stick closer than a brother"—the Friend who "will never leave you nor forsake you." Remember, *God never forsakes a soul till that soul has forsaken Him.* Therefore go on, and the way will become easier and more delightful as you advance, even should outward trials increase. It was so with Paul. He gloried in his trials, because through them he knew more of the power and love of the Lord. The manhood which comes from union with

Christ, is the most glorious crown in the universe, and to perfect that manhood God will not spare us any pain or loss He may see necessary to appoint.

Don't look for a perfect church on earth. How can it be perfect when it consists of imperfect members? If you are shocked by the inconsistencies of professors keep all the closer to the Bible, and especially to the Gospel records, where you will see *the perfect life*, after which our life is to be modelled. Avoid the habit of censorious judgments. Let the knowledge of your own weakness and sins make you patient, merciful, and forgiving; and never give up hope as to the salvation of any one. The grace that changes and sanctifies one soul can do the same for any soul. Pray rather than find fault, and try by gentleness and self-denying love to make the world better than you found it. Then shall you be numbered with God's "kings and priests" to all eternity.

Henson's account of the way in which he learned to read, soon after his arrival in Canada, affords another instance of his wondrous power of overcoming difficulties. By the kindness of a Mr. Hubbard, who gave him employment, his eldest son Tom was sent to school; and being a smart lad, he soon learned to read fluently and well. One Sunday morning, while reading to his father the 103rd Psalm, the latter became deeply affected, and the son seeing his emotion, asked who David was. This he could not answer, having never heard; and at last, after various fruitless attempts to conceal it, he was obliged to tell the lad that he had

never been taught to read. The confession of such abject ignorance to his own son deeply pained him at the time, but it was followed by good, for the lad at once offered to teach his father, and commenced immediately. Picture to yourselves, dear young friends, this scene. It is night, and the father and son, having finished the labours of the day, betake themselves to labour more trying to both than the toil in the fields. The only light burning in the poor cabin is a blazing pine-knot or some hickory bark, for this was all they could afford. The lad is making letters in the ashes with a stick, and the father is endeavouring to learn them, but is making sorry work of it. "Can you read?" said a judge to an Irish witness. "No, my lord," was the reply. "Do you know the letters of the alphabet?" asked the judge. "Well, my lord, I know them by eyesight, when I see them, but for the life of me I can't remember what they call them. I always was very bad at names entirely." Poor Henson was like the Irishman, he couldn't recollect the names. "What letter is that, father?" "That, why that's an 'I.'" "An 'I!' oh dear, I have told you twenty times that's a 'Q.'" What shall I do to get you to learn correctly, father?" And the lad would whine over the father's dullness, and in the end fall fast asleep. After a few weeks' application he could repeat the letters in alphabetical order; but the "dodging" system adopted by Tom to test him, tried him dreadfully, and extorted many a mournful complaint from father and son. What with the imperfection of the scratches in the ashes,

the wretched light, the hard work of the day, and the pupil's age—nearly fifty—it was no joke to either. But perseverance conquered—as what will it not conquer?—and in the course of the winter the pupil did really learn to read a little.

CHAPTER XIV.

PITY FOR THE CAPTIVES.

AFTER the lapse of a few years, during which time Mr. Henson had been making steady progress intellectually and spiritually, he succeeded in forming a settlement of coloured people at the head of Lake Erie. But having tasted the sweets of liberty, his heart yearned after his poor brethren in captivity, and he longed to aid some of them to escape. So strong was this desire that he actually made two journeys into the States, and notwithstanding perils and difficulties that might have appalled the stoutest heart, he succeeded in conducting a considerable number to Canada. The account is so interesting we will give it in Mr. Henson's own words.

"I was once attending a very large meeting at Fort Erie, at which a great many coloured people were present. In the course of my preaching, I tried to impress upon them the importance of the obligations they were under; first, to God, for their deliverance; and then, secondly, to their fellow-men, to do all that was in their power to bring others out of bondage. In the congregation was a man named James Lightfoot, who was of a very active temperament, and had obtained his freedom by fleeing to Canada, but had never

thought of his family and friends whom he had left behind, until the time he heard me speaking, although he himself had been free for some five years. However, that day the cause was brought home to his heart. When the service was concluded, he begged to have an interview with me, to which I gladly acceded, and an arrangement was made for further conversation on the same subject one week from that time. He then informed me where he came from, also to whom he belonged, and that he had left behind a dear father and mother, three sisters and four brothers; and that they lived on the Ohio River, not far from the city of Maysville. He said that he never saw his duty towards them to be so clear and unmistakable as he did at that time, and professed himself ready to co-operate in any measures that might be devised for their release. During the short period of his freedom he had accumulated some little property, the whole of which, he stated, he would cheerfully devote to carrying out those measures; for he had no rest, night nor day, since the meeting above mentioned.

"I was not able at that time to propose what was best to be done, and thus we parted; but in a few days he came to see me again on the same errand. Seeing the agony of his heart in behalf of his kindred, I consented to commence the painful and dangerous task of endeavouring to free those whom he so much loved.. I left my own family in the hands of no other save God, and commenced the journey alone, on foot, and travelled thus about four

hundred miles. But the Lord furnished me with strength sufficient for the undertaking. I passed through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio—free States, so called—crossed the Ohio River into Kentucky, and ultimately found his friends in the place he had described.

“I was an entire stranger to them, but I took with me a small token of their brother who was gone, which they at once recognized ; and this was to let them know that he had gone to Canada, the land of freedom, and had now sent a friend to assist them in making their escape. This created no little excitement. But his parents had become so far advanced in years that they could not undertake the fatigue ; his sisters had a number of children, and they could not travel ; his four brothers and a nephew were young men, and sufficiently able for the journey, but the thought of leaving their father, and mother, and sisters, was too painful ; and they also considered it unsafe to make the attempt then, for fear that the excitement and grief of their friends might betray them : so they declined going at that time, but promised that they would go in a year if I would return for them.

“To this I assented, and then went between forty and fifty miles into the interior of Kentucky, having heard that there was a large party ready to attempt their escape if they had a leader to direct their movements. I travelled by night, resting by day, and at length reached Bourbon county, the place where I expected to find these people. After a

delay of about a week, spent in discussing plans, making arrangements, and other matters, I found that there were about thirty collected from different States, who were disposed to make the attempt. At length, on a Saturday night, we started. The agony of parting can be better conceived than described ; as, in their case, husbands were leaving their wives, mothers their children, and children their parents. This, at first sight, will appear strange, and even incredible ; but, when we take into consideration the fact, that at any time they were liable to be separated, by being sold to what are termed 'nigger traders,' and the probability that such an event would take place, it will, I think, cease to excite any surprise.

"We succeeded in crossing the Ohio River in safety, and arrived in Cincinnati the third night after our departure. Here we procured assistance ; and, after stopping a short time to rest, we started for Richmond, Indiana. This is a town which had been settled by Quakers, and there we found friends indeed, who at once helped us on our way, without loss of time ; and after a difficult journey of two weeks, through the wilderness, we reached Toledo, Ohio, a town on the south-western shore of Lake Erie, and there we took passage for Canada, which we reached in safety. I then went home to my family, taking with me a part of this large party, the rest finding their friends scattered in other towns, perfectly satisfied with my conduct in the matter, in being permitted to be the instru-

ment of freeing such a number of my fellow-creatures.

"I remained at home, working on my farm, until the next autumn, about the time I had promised to assist in the restoring to liberty the friends of James Lightfoot, the individual who had excited my sympathy at the meeting at Fort Erie. In pursuance of this promise, I again started on my long journey into Kentucky.

"On my way, that strange occurrence happened, called the great meteoric shower. The heavens seemed broken up into streaks of light and falling stars. I reached Lancaster, Ohio, at three o'clock in the morning, found the village aroused, the bells ringing, and the people exclaiming, 'The day of judgment is come!' I thought it was probably so; but felt that I was in the right business, and walked on through the village, leaving the terrified people behind. The stars continued to fall till the light of the sun appeared.

"On arriving at Portsmouth, in the State of Ohio, I had a very narrow escape of being detected. The place was frequented by a number of Kentuckians, who were quite ready to suspect a coloured man, if they saw anything unusual about him. I reached Portsmouth in the morning, and waited until two in the afternoon for the steamboat, so that I might not arrive in Maysville till after dark. While in the town I was obliged to resort to a stratagem, in order to avoid being questioned by the Kentuckians I saw in the place. To this end I procured some dried leaves, put

them into a cloth and bound it all round my face, reaching nearly to my eyes, and pretended to be so seriously affected in my head and teeth as not to be able to speak. I then hung around the village till the time for the evening boat, so as to arrive at Maysville in the night. I was accosted by several during my short stay in Portsmouth, who appeared very anxious to get some particulars from me as to who I was, where I was going, and to whom I belonged. To all their numerous inquiries I merely shook my head, mumbled out indistinct answers, and acted so that they could not get anything out of me ; and, by this artifice, I succeeded in avoiding any unpleasant consequences. I got on board the boat and reached Maysville, Kentucky, in the evening, about a fortnight from the time I had left Canada.

"On landing, a wonderful providence happened to me. The second person I met in the street was Jefferson Lightfoot, brother of the James Lightfoot previously mentioned, and one of the party who had promised to escape if I would assist them. He stated that they were still determined to make the attempt, decided to put it into execution the following Saturday night, and preparations for the journey were at once commenced. The reason why Saturday night was chosen on this and the previous occasion was, that from not having to labour the next day, and being allowed to visit their families, they would not be missed until the time came for their usual appearance in the field, at which period they would be some some eighty

or a hundred miles away. During the interval I had to keep myself concealed by day, and used to meet them by night to make the necessary arrangements.

"From fear of being detected, they started off without bidding their father or mother farewell, and then, in order to prevent the bloodhounds from following on our trail, we seized a skiff, a little below the city, and made our way down the river. It was not the shortest way, but it was the surest.

CHAPTER XV.

OUT OF THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE.

“IT was sixty-five miles from Maysville to Cincinnati, and we thought we could reach that city before daylight, and then take the stage for Sandusky. Our boat sprung a leak before we had got half way, and we narrowly escaped being drowned; providentially, however, we got to the shore before the boat sunk. We then took another boat, but this detention prevented us from arriving at Cincinnati in time for the stage. Day broke upon us when we were about ten miles above the city, and we were compelled to leave our boat from fear of being apprehended. This was an anxious time. However, we had got so far away that we knew there was no danger of being discovered by the hounds, and we thought we would go on foot. When we got within seven miles of Cincinnati, we came to the Miami River, and we could not reach the city without crossing it.

“This was a great barrier to us, for the water appeared to be deep, and we were afraid to ask the loan of a boat, being apprehensive it might lead to our detection. We went first up and then down the river, trying to find a convenient crossing-place, but failed. I then said to my company, ‘Boys, let

us go up the river and try again.' We started, and after going about a mile we saw a cow coming out of a wood, and going to the river as though she intended to drink. Then said I, 'Boys, let us go and see what the cow is about, it may be that she will tell us some news.' I said this in order to cheer them up. One of them replied, in rather a peevish way, 'Oh, that cow can't talk;' but I again urged them to come on. The cow remained until we approached her within a rod or two; she then walked into the river, and went straight across without swimming, which caused me to remark, 'The Lord sent that cow to show us where to cross the river!' This has always seemed to me to be a very wonderful event.

"Having urged our way with considerable haste, we were literally saturated with perspiration, though it was snowing at the time, and my companions thought that it would be highly dangerous for us to proceed through the water, especially as there was a large quantity of ice in the river; but as it was a question of life or death with us, there was no time left for reasoning; I therefore advanced—they reluctantly following. The youngest of the Lightfoots, ere we reached halfway over the river, was seized with violent contraction of the limbs, which prevented further self-exertion on his part; he was, therefore, carried the remainder of the distance. After resorting to continued friction, he partially recovered, and we proceeded on our journey.

"We reached Cincinnati about eleven on Sunday

morning, too late for the stage that day; but having found some friends, we hid ourselves until Monday evening, when we recommenced our long and toilsome journey, through mud, rain, and snow, towards Canada. We had increased our distance about one hundred miles, by going out of our road to get among the Quakers. During our passage through the woods, the boy before referred to was taken alarmingly ill, and we were compelled to proceed with him on our backs; but finding this mode of conveying him exceedingly irksome, we constructed a kind of litter with our shirts and handkerchiefs laid across poles. By this time we got into the State of Indiana, so that we could travel by day as long as we kept to the woods. Our patient continued to get worse, and it appeared, both to himself and to us, that death would soon release him from his sufferings. He therefore begged to be left in some secluded spot, to die alone, as he feared that the delay occasioned by his having to be carried through the bush, might lead to the capture of the whole company. With very considerable reluctance we acceded to his request, and laid him in a sheltered place, with a full expectation that death would soon put an end to his sufferings. The poor fellow expressed his readiness to meet the last struggle in hope of eternal life. Sad, indeed, was the parting; and it was with difficulty we tore ourselves away.

"We had not, however, proceeded more than two miles on our journey, when one of the brothers of the dying man made a sudden stop, and ex-

pressed his inability to proceed whilst he had the consciousness that he had left his brother to perish, in all probability, a prey to the devouring wolves. His grief was so great that we determined to return, and at length reached the spot, where we found the poor fellow apparently dying, moaning out with every breath a prayer to heaven. Words cannot describe the joyousness experienced by the Lightfoots when they saw their poor afflicted brother once more; they literally danced for joy. We at once prepared to resume our journey as we best could, and once more penetrated the bush. After making some progress, we saw, at a little distance on the road, a waggon approaching, and I immediately determined to ascertain whether some assistance could not be obtained.

"I at length circumvented the road, so as to make it appear that I had been journeying in an opposite direction to that which the waggon was taking. When I came up with the driver, I bade him good day. He said, 'Where is thee going?' 'To Canada.' I saw his coat, heard his *thee* and *thou*, and set him down for a Quaker. I therefore plainly told him our circumstances. He at once stopped his horses, and expressed his willingness to assist us. I returned to the place where my companions were in waiting for me, and soon had them in the presence of the Quaker. Immediately on viewing the sufferer he was moved to tears, and without delay turned his horses' heads, to proceed in the direction of his home, although he had

intended to go to a distant market with a load of produce for sale. The reception we met with from the Quaker's family overjoyed our hearts, and the transports with which the poor men looked upon their brother, now so favourably circumstanced, cannot be described.

"We remained with this happy family for the night, and received from them every kindness. It was arranged that the boy should remain behind, until, through the blessing of God, he should recover. We were kindly provided by them with a sack of biscuit and a joint of meat, and once more set our faces in the direction of Lake Erie.

"After proceeding some distance on our road, we perceived a white man approaching, but as he was travelling alone, and on foot, we were not alarmed at his presence. It turned out that he had been residing for some time in the South, and although a free white man, his employers had attempted to castigate him; in return for which he had used violence, which made it necessary that he should at once escape. We travelled in company, and found that his presence was of signal service to us in delivering us out of the hands of the slave-hunters who were now on our track, and eagerly grasping after their prey. We had resolved on reaching the lake, a distance of forty miles, by the following morning; we therefore walked all night.

"Just as the day was breaking, we reached a wayside tavern, immediately contiguous to the lake, and our white companion having knocked up the landlord, ordered breakfast for six. Whilst

our breakfast was in course of preparation, we dozed off into slumber, wearied with our long-continued exertion.

"Just as our breakfast was ready, whilst half-asleep and half-awake, an impression came forcibly upon me that danger was nigh, and that I must at once leave the house. I immediately urged my companions to follow me out, which they were exceedingly unwilling to do; but as they had promised me submission, they at length yielded to my request. We retired to the yard at the side of the house, and commenced washing ourselves with the snow, which was now up to our knees. Presently we heard the tramping of horses, and were at once warned of the necessity of secreting ourselves. We crept beneath a pile of bushes, close at hand, which permitted a full view of the road. The horsemen came to a dead stop at the door of the house, and commenced their inquiries; my companions at once recognized the parties on horseback, and whispered their names to me. This was a critical moment, and the loud beatings of their hearts testified the dreadful alarm with which they viewed the scene. Had we been within doors, we should have been inevitably sacrificed. Our white friend proceeded to the door in advance of the landlord, and maintained his position. He was at once interrogated by the slave-hunters whether he had seen any negroes pass that way. He said, yes, he thought he had. Their number was demanded, and they were told about six, and that they were proceeding in the

direction of Detroit ; and that they might be some few miles on the road. They at once reined their horses, which were greatly fatigued, through having been ridden all night, and were soon out of sight. We at length ventured into the house, and devoured breakfast in an incredibly short space of time. After what had transpired, the landlord became acquainted with our circumstances, and at once offered to sail us in his boat across to Canada. We were happy enough to have such an offer, and soon the white sail of our little bark was laying to the wind, and we were gliding along on our way, with the land of liberty in full view. Words cannot describe the feelings experienced by my companions as they neared the shore—their bosoms were swelling with inexpressible joy as they mounted the seats of the boat, ready, eagerly, to spring forward, that they might touch the soil of the freeman. And when they reached the shore, they danced and wept for joy, and kissed the earth on which they first stepped, no longer the SLAVE—but the FREE.

"After the lapse of a few months, on one joyous Sabbath morning, I had the happiness of clasping the poor boy we had left in the kind care of the Quaker, no longer attenuated in frame, but robust and healthy, and surrounded by his family. Thus my wish was consummated, and superadded were the blessings of those who were ready to perish, which came upon me. It is one of the greatest sources of my happiness to know, that by similar means to those above narrated, I have been instru-

mental in delivering one hundred and eighteen human beings out of the cruel and merciless grasp of the slave-holder."

We have no doubt some of our young readers will feel shocked at the use of deception, and what appears even to have been falsehood, on the part of Mr. Henson and others as described in the foregoing narrative. And we earnestly hope they ever may feel shocked at, and ever abhor all trickery and false-dealing both in word and deed. No one would more warmly condemn everything of the kind than Mr. Henson himself, and often have we heard him deplore such practices and denounce them as some of the worst fruits of the accursed system of slavery. Let it be remembered he was placed in very peculiar circumstances. He had perilled his own liberty and life to rescue his fellow-creatures from bondage, and though that bondage had the sanction of human law, he knew it was a robbery of man's best rights and a crime. Let us all pray, "Lead us not into temptation;" and whatever life's difficulties or perils may be, let it never be forgotten that in the end no good can come of any course but that which is honest and truthful. We hold Mr. Henson up as an example only in that which is *good*, and if our young readers feel that they must condemn him in any of those things referred to, let them do so by all means, and at the same time ask God to forgive him, and to forgive and save themselves, and let them carefully imitate him in all those points of character in which they feel he is to be honoured and loved.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAPPINESS IN DOING GOOD.

IF Mr. Henson felt such joy at the thought of having been the means of rescuing poor slaves from bondage, and leading them into the land of liberty, how much more may they rejoice who have been, by God's blessing, the means of rescuing poor sinners from the wretched captivity of sin and Satan, and leading them "into the glorious liberty of the sons of God"! In the one case the deliverance was from *bodily* bondage and *temporal* misery. In the other, from *spiritual* bondage and *eternal* misery. In the one case, the land of liberty, like all on earth, is a land where the cup of life is mixed with sorrow, pain, and death. In the other, the liberty enjoyed leads to perfect blessedness and immortal life. The time will come when to have been the instrument of the salvation of one soul will bring greater happiness and glory than eye hath ever seen, or ear heard, or heart of man conceived. In that day the glory of the world will vanish for ever, and the glory of being like Christ, and having suffered and laboured for Christ, will be all in all. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they who turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever

and ever." If Mr. Henson, having realized the blessedness of freedom, was so concerned for his poor brethren in captivity, and made such sacrifices and endured such hardships to deliver them—ought not those "who have tasted that the Lord is gracious," and experienced the blessedness of His salvation, to desire, pray, and work to bring others into the possession of similar mercies? No *true* Christian will be content to go to heaven alone; he will, compelled by love to Christ and souls, endeavour to bring all he can influence with him. Nor does our gracious Master reward according to the *results* of labour. Christ's rewards are addressed to the heart. "It was well it was in thine heart," was the word to David, though he was not allowed to carry out his desire and purpose. How encouraging to all the Lord's servants! Remember this, dear young friends, when Sunday-school teaching, or tract distributing, or any other kind of Christian work grows wearisome, and seems fruitless. In 1842 Mr. Henson and his family finally settled in the town of DAWN—a good name, for it was indeed the *dawn* of better days for the coloured race. Here schools were built, mills erected, and other noble enterprises engaged in for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the negro population. Of course, as is the case in all attempts to do good in this world, many difficulties, and even opposition, had to be encountered. But Mr. Henson is not the man to give way to depression or to be frightened at the cry of "a lion in the way!" He had seen too much of God's good

Providence to despond or despair. He knew he was working *with* the Divine will, or rather that he was its instrument, and though poor and weak and despised, he put his faith in Heaven, and gained the victory. It is painful and humiliating to hear, as the writer often has heard, from Mr. Henson himself, of the prejudices still existing against the negro race in Canada. One can understand the old feeling still lingering in the United States. Doubtless the former master finds it hard to accept the "nigger"—so lately the slave—as his equal, or as having a right to all the privileges of the white man, though it is the first principle of the Constitution of the United States that all men are free and equal before God. Slave-holders got over this by denying the negro's humanity—speaking of him and acting towards him as if he were a mere brute—though even then he deserved better treatment than he often received. But when we hear that in a part of our beloved Queen's dominions, under the British flag, coloured people are not allowed to go into hotels, or steamboats, or railway carriages where white men are, nor even enter churches, and that the children are not allowed to attend schools with white children—our indignation rises against such injustice and cruelty. Only think of Mr. Henson, who has been welcomed to the homes of England's noblest sons, refused a place at a common hotel dinner-table, or in a street omnibus. YET THIS IS THE CASE. In the First Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations, originated by ALBERT THE GOOD, held in London, a solitary

negro might have been seen amongst the exhibitors. His only property was a few specimens of black walnut boards of the finest quality, and beautifully polished. Much attention was drawn to the exhibitor and his goods by the following words which appeared painted in large *white* letters on the tops of his boards: "This is the Product of the Industry of a Fugitive Slave from the United States, whose residence is Dawn, Canada." The exhibitor was Mr. Henson, and the walnut boards came from his Manual Labour School. The Queen condescended to notice the negro and his work, and he heard her ask, "Is he indeed a fugitive slave?" Within the last few weeks her Majesty has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of "The Story of Uncle Tom's Life," saying that she did so with much interest, being well acquainted with his history from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's book.* Who could have imagined that the history of that solitary negro would, by Mrs. Stowe's great literary power, become the wedge which should rend the huge fabric of American slavery to pieces! Mr. Henson made a second visit to England before the Exhibition closed. He had the honour to have his name enrolled amongst the successful exhibitors, a bronze medal was awarded him, and he also received a beautiful picture of the Queen and Royal Family, of the size of life, all

* Since the above was written, Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant Mr. Henson the honour of an interview at Windsor Castle. We hope this fact will do much to put an end to the foolish and disgraceful prejudice against the coloured people which still exists in Canada.

which he greatly prizes to this day. His history having now become known, he became one of the "lions" of London. The first and best men in the land hastened to show him honour. But "in all the changes and chances of this mortal life," so marvellous in his case, he never "forgot the rock from which he was hewn, or the hole of the pit from which he was digged." He bore "his blushing honours" meekly, and gave God the praise. We have never heard one word of boasting or self-sufficiency from his lips. He knows too well that he is "the child of Providence," and grace has saved him from pride and vainglory. The old saying that "sorrow treads quickly on the heels of joy," was painfully verified during his second visit to London. On September 3rd, just as he had completed the narrative of his slave-life, he received a letter from his family in Canada, stating that his beloved wife, "Aunt Chloe," was near to death, and that she earnestly desired to see him, if possible, before she left this world. This was a trying moment. He was four thousand miles from home. On the morning of the 4th, however, he was on his way to Liverpool, and on the 20th arrived at home. We can imagine his feelings as he approached the door. He knew not whether she still lived. For forty years she had been a kind, affectionate, dutiful wife, and had faithfully striven to bring their children up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. All that long, wearisome, and perilous journey, when they fled together from slavery, rose before him; and now where was she, the devoted partner of his sorrows and joys? But

God had mercifully prolonged her life, and once more they met on earth. She was perfectly calm and resigned to the will of God. After a few weeks, during which she was quite conscious, she sweetly fell asleep. Before she died she blessed her husband and children, commending them to the care of Him who had sustained them in so many trials, and whose love they had proved to be unchanging and everlasting. Thus dear old "Aunt Chloe," so simple, hearty, and good, one of the best characters in Mrs. Stowe's book, passed away to the rest which remains for the people of God.

Mr. Henson had set his heart on making a purchase, and perhaps our young readers will wonder what it was he wanted to buy—a new house? another field? stock? No, it was only *his brother*! He had tried to induce him to run away, but slavery had so eaten into his manhood that he seemed to have lost all desire for freedom. So he had to be *bought* out! The price was about £110. Mr. Henson obtained this amount by selling his "Autobiography." He took a package of the books on his back and travelled the New England States, and so raised the money. But just think of a man being compelled to take such labour to find money to buy *his own brother*!

Mr. Henson had always great reverence for the house of God, even though it were no better than a cabin. We have heard him tell how, when his shoes were so bad that they could only be kept together by strings, and he had to walk miles to hold a meeting, he would carry them in his hand to prevent them "going all abroad" by wear, and when

he drew near to the meeting-house would sit down on the road, and, taking them out of the piece of old rag with which he had covered them up, would put them on as best he could, so that he might make a "respectable appearance" in the house of the Lord.

Some of the negro sermons are very amusing. They deal largely in imagery, and many of their figures are laughably absurd. Everything is measured and judged by material ideas—a mode of thinking common in the infancy of all races. On one occasion a preacher of this type was forcibly enlarging on the size of the devil. He evidently thought to impress and awe the minds of his hearers into watchfulness against the great adversary by an exaggerated picture of his bulk. Accordingly he first described Satan to be as big as an ox; but rising in his conceptions, he described him to be as big as an elephant. Whereupon a hearer, of a somewhat sceptical turn of mind, began to laugh. This offended the preacher, and he roared out, "What's dat yer nigger a-sniggerin bout?" "I was jist a thinkin," said the other, "what a size some of dem folks must ha been you wus a readin of, dat had a lot of dem in em." Mr. Henson's superiority of mind and character is strikingly manifested in his sermons, and thousands in this country who have heard him preach can testify to the sound sense and good taste which mark his discourses. His native humour will sometimes flow forth, but it is always regulated by a just regard to the sanctity of worship.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOT AFRAID OF FOES.

OF all his characteristics, none distinguishes Mr. Henson more than that which English boys and men so universally admire, pluck or courage. His whole life is a proof of this, but we will mention one incident. He had leased a plot of land on the school farm, and had ploughed it for several years. But his right was disputed, and the person who opposed him placed his son on the spot as master of the situation. We will give what follows in Mr. Henson's own words.

"When this young gentleman heard that my men were ploughing the ground, he sent word to them 'to be off his premises.' I said to my men, 'Go to your ploughing to-morrow morning, and I will be there to sustain you.'

"The next morning my men began their work. Soon the young gentleman appeared on the spot with several of his men. He commanded mine 'to leave at once.' I was at hand, and said, 'I leased this land from your father, and as long as he retains the possession of the whole farm I have a legal right to work this plot, and I shall defend that right.'

"He mildly said, 'Why, Mr. Henson, is that

you? I thought you were a praying man, not a fighting man?'

"I replied, 'When it is necessary I can fight, as I have done for Canada when she was in trouble. I intend to respect the rights of others, and they must respect mine.' He soon became angry; first came words, then blows. I could not prevent him from bruising his head several times against my heavy walking-stick, which I held before me to ward off the blows he attempted to level at me. When he was tired of that kind of play, he went off muttering a threat, 'that he would have a writ served upon me immediately.' I at once had my fastest horse harnessed to my waggon, and rode off to the nearest magistrate accompanied by a constable. The magistrate readily gave me a writ for the young gentleman. When we were returning we met him within a mile from the railroad-station. He had intended to go and see his father, and then have a summons out for me. The constable alighted, touched him on the shoulder, and said, 'You are my prisoner, in the name of the Queen, for assault and battery on Josiah Henson on his own premises.'

"He was crestfallen and very angry, especially when he was obliged to walk between ten and fifteen miles to Dresden to the court to have his trial. His lawyer removed the trial from one court to another, till at London, Canada, he was compelled to pay costs and a bonus to end the suit. He gave me no further trouble, for he perceived that I had a practical knowledge of the

common laws of the country. This incident shows how important it was for the coloured people to be able to defend their natural and inalienable rights after they became freemen and citizens of Canada."

On another occasion Mr. Henson had a narrow escape from imprisonment in Kingston gaol. A wretched fellow brought a charge against him of having violated the Foreign Enlistment Act, which does not allow any person to entice or persuade another to enlist in the army. But the brave old man had too much faith in the watchful care of his Heavenly Father to be at all down-hearted or frightened. He writes: "How I should get released from the legal net that was spread over me I did not know, but I trusted in God; I knew He had delivered me many, many times before from the lions' den, and, like Daniel of olden times, I now put my faith in Him. In my heart I cried out, 'O Lord, deliver me; but in prison, or under the free air of heaven, I will praise Thy great and holy name.'" God honoured the faith of His servant, and although it was at the last hour, almost, help came. A man presented himself who clearly proved the vile character of Mr. Henson's accuser, and the magistrates pronounced an acquittal, with a high eulogium on Mr. Henson's life.

"Difficulties try what men are," and Mr. Henson has had his share of them. But his invariable testimony is to the Fatherly care of God over His servants, and to the moral and spiritual value of life's trials when received and endured in relation to the will of God. Heavy and perplexing diffi-

culties arising out of his work at Dawn, principally in connection with the Wilberforce University—an institution which owes its existence to Mr. Henson—obliged him to pay another visit to England—the third, just closed. We need not enter into details as to the object and character of that visit. Our readers doubtless have heard or read something of "Uncle Tom's" progress through the country, of the meetings he has held, of the reception he has met with, and of the success of the effort to raise money enough to clear off all mortgages and debts on the institution and work at Dawn. All has been accomplished, and the old man's latter days have been brightened and cheered with renewed assurances of the respect and love of old friends, and by the respect and love of thousands more. No man in modern times has done so much for the African race: first, by the publication of his slave-life; and, secondly, by his high character and unwearied exertions on their behalf. By a kind Providence he has found another partner, most suitable in every respect to fill the place of dear old "Aunt Chloe." Let all who have read our book, or heard him speak, unite with us in wishing him and his a rich continuance of Divine blessings for the rest of their lives, and in the end "an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." And may this Story of his Life animate all our young readers to choose the better part. Such a life is a rebuke to the doubt and unbelief so prevalent in our days, and for which there is no foundation save human pride or

ignorance of Divine truth. The religion which has raised the poor slave to such intelligence, manliness, piety, self-denial, love, as seen in Mr. Henson, must be Divine. The religion which blessed and comforted fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, now in heaven—hold fast to that religion, dear young friends, and may the Good Spirit lead you into the experience of its truth, and into the enjoyment of its blessedness now and for ever!

APPENDIX.

"UNCLE TOM'S" VISIT TO THE KING EDWARD INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS AND GIRL'S REFUGE, CAMBRIDGE HEATH.

THIS benevolent institution, although rarely advertised, is a peaceful scene of prayerful and successful labour. The promoters of this charitable enterprise have directed their attention to a class of the community which is not inaptly designated waifs and strays, and which demands the attention and sympathy of Christian people generally.

It is a significant fact that, in the two Homes, there are at present two hundred girls, who have been received principally from the City and Metropolitan police-courts, and thus rescued from lives of crime and misery. Here they are boarded, clothed, educated, and trained for home duties, thus fitting them for domestic service, and at the age of sixteen are supplied with an outfit, and sent to suitable situations. It is great cause of thankfulness to know that, of those thus trained in the past, ninety per cent., or nearly so, have turned out well. It will be no surprise to our readers that the noble-hearted Earl of Shaftesbury exhibits the

keenest sympathy with the work and progress of these homes. On being informed that "Uncle Tom" and Mr. John Lobb, of the *Christian Age*, had been invited to visit them and give addresses, his lordship expressed a hope that they would do so, and charged them with a message of kindness to *one* out of the many children whom the Earl regards with so great an interest—viz., "Tiny."

Sunday evening, March 4, 1877, was selected for this pleasing visit, so that "Uncle Tom" might address and interest the two hundred young people on a subject which might be remembered through life. On arriving, Mr. Lobb and Rev. Josiah Henson ("Uncle Tom") were conducted by H. R. Williams, Esq. (the Treasurer), through admirably-arranged apartments for cooking, sleeping, playing, and other purposes; forming, in fact, a really model home. Such has been the success vouchsafed to this enterprise of love, that the premises are now full and greatly need enlargement, the cost of which would be no difficulty if the benevolent-minded could but pass through these Samaritan homes and feel the impressive eloquence of the social picture before them. On entering the spacious dining or lecture hall, about two hundred cheerful little girls rose to their feet. J. H. Lloyd, Esq., the Hon. Secretary, having conducted the preliminary service, Mr. H. R. Williams introduced "Uncle Tom," who was deeply moved at the touching sight, and assured the teachers and committee how fully he sympathized with the little ones, and hoped that their future, so fraught with

danger and trial, might, by God's blessing upon the kind Christian instruction given to them, be attended with the happiest results, both to themselves and others. In simple strains he recited his experience, and kept wisely to the youthful period of his life, which shared so largely of suffering and sorrow. The little auditors were keenly interested with "Uncle Tom's" story of his being torn away from his mother, and how he was put up on a block, and sold to cruel masters. Heartily did he praise British philanthropy, which had rested not until slavery was abolished and freedom reigned. The founders of these homes were encouraged to persevere in their Christ-like enterprise of rescuing from perishing these helpless ones. On being informed that one among the children was *blind*, "Uncle Tom" called her to him, and, patting her on the head, said to her, "You can't see me, my dear, but perhaps you would like to hear me sing?" To this she promptly answered, "Yes." He then sang one of his favourite hymns—"Hold the Fort."

The interest was much increased by Mr. Williams introducing Mr. Lobb, who, over twenty years ago, had been a *scholar* in his school, and in whom Mr. Williams had felt a great interest ever since. It was, he said, very gratifying to him to see Mr. Lobb occupying so honourable and important a position as the manager of a Christian paper, which circulated upwards of 70,000 weekly. He was pleased to know, moreover, that with "Uncle Tom" Mr. Lobb had travelled many hundreds of miles to hold meetings in chapels, schools, halls, and other

places, before many thousands of people; and, finally, that both of them were on the morrow to be introduced to her Majesty the Queen at Windsor.

Mr. Lobb most heartily reciprocated the kindly feelings expressed, and was delighted to meet so many bright-eyed and happy-hearted little ones. It was a peculiar pleasure to him to meet with his old superintendent, Mr. Williams, and also with one who was a fellow-scholar, Mr. Charles Montague, in the days so long gone by. He amused the young folks by describing "Uncle Tom" when he was a lad, and could only have his head "combed" once a week, on Sunday mornings, by his mother, who always found his hair "very knotty;" how young "Tom" was led to hear Mr. McKenny preach, and how his young heart was touched by the story that "Jesus died for *him*;" how he was led to love and serve Jesus, who had been his guide and help for nearly eighty-eight years. Afterwards Mr. Lobb and "Uncle Tom" were presented with "Tiny's" likeness, as a happy souvenir of this most interesting visit.

Would that the wishes so warmly expressed on the occasion might be speedily realized, and funds placed in the hands of the Treasurer, Mr. H. R. Williams, 3, Lime Street, E.C., for the enlargement of this most excellent institution.

“UNCLE TOM” AND THE EDITOR’S VISIT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

AS her Majesty’s most gracious reception of Mr. Henson and Mr. Lobb has excited much interest throughout the country, and as incorrect accounts have appeared, we give the following extract from the *Times*, for the accuracy of which we can vouch. “On Monday, March the 5th, the Rev. Josiah Henson, the hero of Mrs. Stowe’s story of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin,’ left London on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor Castle. Mr. Henson travelled by South-Western train to Windsor, accompanied by Mrs. Henson, his second wife, and Mr. John Lobb, of the *Christian Age*, the Editor of Uncle Tom’s Autobiography. The party reached the Castle at one, and were received by Sir T. M. Biddulph, K.C.B., who, after introducing them to Major-Gen. H. Ponsonby, invited them to partake of luncheon. At three her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Leopold and Princess Beatrice, appeared in the corridor leading to the Oak-room, attended by the Hon. Horatia Stopford and the Countess of Erroll, ladies-in-waiting. Mr. Henson was then presented to her Majesty by Sir T. M. Biddulph. Her Majesty expressed pleasurable surprise at the coloured clergyman’s strikingly hale and hearty looks, considering his great age. He was born, it will be remembered, on June 15, 1789. Her Majesty was

also pleased to say that for many years she had been well acquainted with his history, and presented him with her photograph, signed 'Victoria Reg., 1877,' and mounted in a handsome ormolu frame. Mr. Henson thanked her Majesty on his own behalf for the great honour conferred upon himself, as well as on behalf of his coloured brethren in Canada and other portions of her Majesty's dominions—for her august protection when they were poor fugitive slaves, and for the unspeakable blessings they had at all times enjoyed under her rule. Mr. John Lobb was then presented by Sir T. M. Biddulph to her Majesty as the Editor of Mr. Henson's Autobiography, a copy of which had been graciously accepted by her Majesty, who was pleased to say that she had read it with the deepest interest. At her Majesty's gracious request the autographs of the Rev. Josiah Henson, and Mr. J. Lobb, with the date of the birth of each, were then inscribed in her Majesty's private album. Her Majesty had given special permission that all the household should see Uncle Tom, and they showed great interest in the veteran, many shaking him heartily by the hand. Uncle Tom and his friends were by the Queen's directions shown over the Castle, and taken through the private and state apartments by Sir John Cowell, eventually quitting the place at half-past four o'clock, highly pleased with the royal reception. While descending the Castle-hill, opposite the Albert Memorial Chapel, Mr. Henson was met by the Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor, and several

gentlemen, with whom he entered into conversation, and in reply to a remark he said that he would soon be eighty-eight. Mr. Henson and his friends, after leaving the Castle, visited Mr. F. G. Cayley, in the High Street, Windsor. After tea, Mr. Henson addressed the *employés* of Mr. Cayley, about sixty in number, in touching terms. He appeared greatly impressed with the kindness shown him by her Majesty, and spoke of the good effect the royal example would have in Canada."

By her Majesty's desire, Mr. Lobb has forwarded to Windsor Castle *carte-de-visite* portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Henson, which have since been duly acknowledged.

The following article is from the *Birmingham Daily Mail* of March 6, 1877, and is, we think, worthy of preservation :—

"The hospitable doors of Windsor Castle have been thrown open during its long history to distinguished men of all creeds, and colours, and climes. Emperors and kings have banqueted within its walls ; great warriors have received in its saloons the congratulations and thanks of their sovereign ; men of letters have there been honoured with the homage which the most exalted rank pays without loss of dignity to genius. Science and literature, arms and arts, statecraft and divinity, have been *fêted* in turns ; dusky potentates from the far East, imperial rulers of a rival civilization, ambassadors from the Court of Japan, and envoys rich in a blaze of barbaric gold, have been welcomed

by its long succession of illustrious tenants. The records of the receptions given and the guests greeted in its venerable and historic halls would comprise much of the individual greatness of each reign—the greatness of achievement and the greatness of accident. Even within the forty years during which Queen Victoria has ruled over the land, what a long list of eminent men and women have been summoned to the Castle. Scarcely any one who has achieved, in any walk of life, an honourable fame, has been passed over by a monarch who is as anxious to recognize eminence and talent and enterprise as she is to maintain with a grace all her own the hospitable character of her royal abode. People who have gone through grave peril in exploring foreign lands, who have penetrated to equatorial jungles or frozen seas, who have done heroic deeds in the cause of humanity or science—Queen Victoria has pleasantly and cheerfully welcomed them all; and those who have had the honour of her summons unite in saying that she puts at their ease, without an effort, even those least familiar with the courts of princes and the *salons* of the great.

“Windsor welcomed a visitor yesterday around whose name and history clusters an exceptional interest. He has done nothing, in the ordinary meaning of the phrase, to win fame. He has produced no work of genius, performed no feat of statesmanship, discovered no new lands. He has not devastated countries with conquest, or colonized them with venturous enterprise. He has done

nothing but *suffer*. He was a slave in the United States when slavery was at the high tide of its cruelty and oppression. He has felt the lash of man-trafficking monsters in human form. He has seen husbands and wives ruthlessly separated for purposes too base to be recalled without a hot tinge of indignation. The Rev. Josiah Henson is a person of rare and special interest, inasmuch as he was the original Uncle Tom of Mrs. Stowe's remarkable novel of slave-life in the Southern States. Who that is over thirty years of age does not remember the deep impression made on the public when that heart-lacerating story made its appearance on this side of the Atlantic? How many thousands of honest British eyes, albeit not used to the melting mood, were wet with the record of poor, patient, noble Tom's sufferings? Who has not laughed over the humour of Topsy's denseness, and wept over the inexpressible pathos of little Eva's death-bed? Who has not flushed with a righteous anger at the merciless cruelties of Simon Legree, and been thrilled with sympathy for Eliza in her wild flight over the broken ice? No story was ever written that had a more iniquitous wrong to redress; no story was ever written that so deeply stirred the hearts and consciences of the English and American people. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was the death-blow to slavery as an American institution.

"No one can help feeling an interest in such a man as Mr. Henson. He was the original, as we have said, of Uncle Tom, and although the inci-

dents of his life were necessarily altered for the purposes of the fiction, the character is said to have been a truthful portrayal of his own. We see in him a man who, by one of the strange and inexplicable freaks of chance, was born under the heel, so to speak, of dominant and cruel task-masters. For years his lot was one of servitude and misery. Sufferance was the badge of all his tribe. When he gained his freedom it was to take no selfish advantage of it, but to toil for the great cause of freedom by which his black brethren might enjoy the inestimable privilege he had gained. There is something almost romantic in the meeting, in Royalty's own home, of the Queen of England with this humble and now aged Uncle Tom, whose only distinction arises from his sufferings, and the patient, sweet philosophy and great-hearted piety with which he bore the harshness of stern oppressors. We can picture the negro patriarch, now in his eighty-eighth year, passing up the corridor and into the Oak Room, where her Majesty, surrounded by lords and ladies in waiting, and officers of state, took him kindly by the hand and spoke generous words of sympathy for the sufferings he had undergone. The scene would be well worth immortalizing on the canvas of some great historic painter. Nothing could be more picturesque than the pageantry and grandeur of the surroundings of which this venerable negro was the central figure. Very graciously, the Queen presented Mr. Henşon with her portrait and autograph; and he thanked her Majesty for the great honour conferred on him.

self, and on behalf of his coloured brethren in Canada and other portions of the Queen's dominions, for her august protection when they were poor fugitive slaves, and for the unspeakable blessings they had at all times enjoyed under her rule. Then, at her Majesty's special request, Mr. Henson and Mr. Lobb, the editor of his Autobiography, inscribed their autographs in her private album; and a ceremony, full of interest and grace, was brought to an end.

“Turning from this Windsor reception, we cannot forbear contrasting the present condition of the United States with that which the story of Uncle Tom's life and sufferings recalls. America passed through sharp tribulation to wash out the infamy of slavery. The furnace was fierce, but the purifying was sure. The dross of the old southern corruption, with its hideous traffic in human creatures, and severance of natural ties, and untold crimes and cruelties, was consumed; and the pure cause of freedom endured. A nation that could thus pluck out the cancerous sore by the roots is capable of a yet mightier future. Notwithstanding all the chicanery and corruption which eat into American public life, there is the vitalizing and healing property of a healthy moral force. The sweeping away of the slave system of the South was one of the noblest works ever achieved by any people; and the fire and sword through which the reformers had to pass were the hallowing trials of their noble mission. The venerable Uncle Tom has lived to see the equality of races where, a little

while since, men of his own colour were but the chattels of their owners. He, the runaway slave, has lived to be entertained by Queen Victoria in her own royal castle. The whirligig of Time does indeed bring about its revenges, and not the least of them is the gracious and interesting ceremony performed at Windsor yesterday."

A Negro Preacher, bowed with age, is he :
 No sounding titles do his worth attest,
 Yet, in a land where all who tread are free,
 He, slave who was, is now its Sov'reign's guest !
 What deep emotion must possess his breast,
 The humble actor in so strange a scene !
 Once all unknown, unfriended, and opprest,
 He who a legal "chattel" erst had been,
 In friendly converse stands with England's gracious Queen !

What wonder if, amid that courtly throng,
 His startled thoughts fly back through years of pain,
 When, held in cruel bonds by foulest wrong,
 Condemned to labour for a tyrant's gain,
 He felt the lash, and wore the captive's chain ?
 Hunted by hounds, when fain he would be free ;
 Accursed, as though he bore the brand of Cain ;
 Like some wild beast, from men compelled to flee,
 In desperate essay to snatch sweet Liberty !

Brave "Uncle Tom" ! May happy days be thine—
 Days placid, peaceful, uneventful, still !
 May tender friendships sweeten thy decline !
 As flow'rets fringe the homeward-flowing rill,
 May love thy fleeting years with comfort fill !—
 The Master whom thou lovest doth accord
 True freedom unto all who do His will ;
 And, in the service of their common Lord,
 Both Queen and slave at last shall reap a rich reward

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